

The Fighting Conways

written by

Connor McGinty

845-661-6060
cmcginty98@gmail.com

BLACK SCREEN.

We hear the opening drumbeat of Jimi Hendrix's Crosstown Traffic.

When the guitar lick kicks in:

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - DAY

BOOM. Shot in beautiful Panavision with the camera mounted atop a green 1979 Honda Accord, we are treated to the spectacle of midday Sunset Strip. The sun shines bright and the city is alive.

The car cruises along and credits roll over the skyline in red lettering. The chorus kicks in and we cut to:

INT. DESMOND'S CAR - CONT'D

We meet our hero, DESMOND CONWAY, 33 years old. Des wears a pink polo shirt with a tag still hanging off, aviator sunglasses, and a mop of hair that's fighting to look presentable.

Des drums along to the song on his steering wheel, mouthing the chorus, as the credits continue to roll in the empty space of his passenger seat.

The credits end and the song fades.

Des grabs a full cup of piping hot coffee out of his cup holder. He slowly and carefully raises the mug to his lips.

Desmond hits a pothole. His mug jerks on impact and he spills coffee down the front of his shirt.

DESMOND

FUCK!

EXT. PRODUCTION OFFICE LOT - DAY

We see a full parking lot and the adjacent streets. Desmond's car cruises down the road parallel to the lot. It drives by the entrance, brakes hard, reverses, pulls into the lot, and parks.

"LOS ANGELES, 1991" flashes across the screen in big red lettering.

INT. DESMOND'S CAR - CONT'D

Des's shirt has a coffee stain down the front of it. He takes his sunglasses off and tosses them in the glove box. He licks

his fingers and combs his hair back, then gives himself one last look over in the rearview mirror. He notices the tag on his shirt. He yanks it off.

He sits for a moment, both hands gripping the steering wheel and draws a deep breath.

He glances down at the passenger seat. A thick screenplay sits on the seat.

Des smiles proudly at his work.

DESMOND

Go time.

He grabs the script and climbs out of the car.

He slams the car door shut, stuffs the script down the front of his pants, cracks his neck, and makes a beeline for the Production Office door.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE ELEVATOR - DAY

Des shadowboxes in an elevator, screenplay still tucked down the front of his pants. His fists are fast. Rapid head movement.

The elevator door opens. Des moves over, but doesn't quit swinging. A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT with an imposing frame enters the elevator. Des smiles and winks at him as he continues shadowboxing.

The PA stands to his side and watches Des. Des finishes it up with a lightning round of combos, then bounces up and down on his toes.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

You box?

DESMOND

Well, not professionally.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Yeah, I could tell.

Des looks over at him.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Your form's weak, but there's definitely some potential.

DESMOND

Can't really tell if that was a

compliment or not.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
However you wanna take it.

Des smiles.

DESMOND
Well, I choose compliment! Thanks,
friend!

The elevator door opens. Des begins to walk out.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Wait up.

The PA takes a business card out of his wallet and holds it out for Des. Des looks at it.

BIG WILLY'S BOXING GYM (213) 813-1274

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
I work at a gym, part-time. Gimme a
ring if you wanna learn how to bash
skulls.

DESMOND
Yeah, not gonna lie, I probably won't,
but thanks anyway.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
You should.

Des gives him a salute, but it's more like a "fuck you".

The door shuts between them.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY (CONT'D)

Des does a one-eighty and faces the front desk.

LAURA
Mr. Conway!

LAURA, 40, sits at the front desk with a smile.

DESMOND
(southern gentleman accent)
Miz Laura! How are we doing on this
fine Friday afternoon?

Des approaches the front desk.

LAURA
My car's fucked, my period's late, and
I'm running on three hours of sleep,
but otherwise I'm sound as a pound.

DESMOND
At least life's not dull.

LAURA
How about you? Getting any action? How
was that date last weekend?

DESMOND
She was a no show. But I did stop at
McDonald's for a shamrock shake, so
not completely shit.

LAURA
Speaking of refreshments...

Laura opens one of the drawers behind her desk, revealing a
full on liquor cabinet. She pulls a pocket flask out and
offers it. Des looks around and grabs it, unscrews the cap
and takes a swig.

LAURA
You going to the premiere tonight?

Des coughs mid swig and puts the flask down.

DESMOND
Tonight?

LAURA
Yessir.

DESMOND
Christ, nobody tells me anything
around here.

LAURA
You are just the writer, after all.

DESMOND
With all the red pen through that
script I shouldn't even be credited.

LAURA
It's testing well with audiences and
your name's on it. Not the worst place
to be.

JACK WINSTON, a mid 50s producer approaches Des and Laura.

JACK

Laura! What time's that goddamn pitch meeting? I'm having drinks with Ron Howard in an hour and I'm trying to cut this thing short.

Des stands there uncomfortably.

LAURA

It's scheduled for noon, sir. This is-

JACK

Ah, Christ. Some hack gets an idea he thinks is worth my dollar and Feinstein insists everyone get together and hear him out.

Laura nods her head toward Des to try and get Jack to notice him.

JACK

He keeps talking about the "Independent boom"! People don't want independent. I'll tell you what they want, they want Ron Fuckin' Howard!

Jack finally notices Des.

JACK

Who the fuck are you?!

DESMOND

I'm the hack, Mr. Winston. Here for the pitch meeting.

Jack's face lights up at the flip of a switch.

JACK

Mr. Conrad! Nice to finally meet! How are ya?

Jack shakes Des' hand.

DESMOND

I'm doing well, sir! It's Conway, by the way.

Jack grimaces.

JACK

You sure?

DESMOND

Positive.

Jack turns and looks at Laura for confirmation. She does an awkward tight lipped smile and nods.

JACK

Huh! Sorry 'bout that. Just saw your name for the first time last night. I was pretty shitfaced.

Jack lets out an obnoxiously loud belly laugh. Des joins in on the laughter, albeit forced.

JACK

You mind startin' a little early since you're already here?

DESMOND

Not at all. Wouldn't want to clash with your Ron Howard plans.

JACK

How'd you know about that?

DESMOND

You just said it. I was standing right here.

JACK

Very observant. You really are a writer!

Des smiles bashfully.

JACK

C'mon, let's get this show on the road.

Jack turns around and begins to walk down the hall. Des follows Jack quickly to catch up.

JACK

How was your morning?

DESMOND

Not bad, I didn't hit any traffi-

JACK

Mine was total pissier. A real kick in the balls. Got three different writers on my ass about pay, hiding behind their agents' skirts. You're not pushy

like that, right?

DESMOND
Uhh, not particula-

JACK
Good. Freakin' writer's union. Ever heard of somethin' so ridiculous? What, are they gettin' black lung from all that typewriter ink they inhale?

Jack laughs at his own joke, then stops at the door to the conference room and opens it. He holds it for Des.

DESMOND
Thanks.

JACK
This better be worth it!

Des goes through the doorway and Jack smacks his ass on the way in.

EXT. CHURCH STEPS - DAY

FRANK LOFTUS, 40s, stands on the front steps of a beautiful cathedral style church, holding the back of his hand against his bloody nose. He pulls a brown paper napkin out of his back pocket, and stuffs it up his nose to stop the bleeding.

PATRICK CONWAY, 30s, exits the church and approaches Frank.

PATRICK
You okay there, Frank?

FRANK
It's this damn California air. Dries me out.

Patrick places a cigarette between his lips, lights it, and takes a drag.

PATRICK
What's the plan. Are we gonna go back to New York?

FRANK
There's nothing left for us in New York, Patty.

A beat of solemn silence.

PATRICK
Shamrocks don't grow in the desert.

FRANK
Good one. Embroider it on a fuckin' couch pillow.

A group of three middle-aged men exit the church. They are PAUL WARD, NOEL McBRIEN, and BARNEY McGLADE.

PAUL
(Irish accent)
Well, that was fuckin' depressing.

PATRICK
C'mon Paul, we're Irish. We're supposed to love this funeral shit.

PAUL
No, we're supposed to love the drinkin' that comes with it.

Barney chuckles.

BARNEY
Amen to that! What're ya thinkin', Frank? Head to O'Riordan's later?

FRANK
That's the plan, Barney.

NOEL
(Irish accent)
For fuck's sake, when isn't it?

Noel glances at the Virgin Mary statue to his left and does the sign of the cross.

Pat notices a black car driving down the street toward them. It begins to slow down in front of the church and the back window rolls down.

Patrick goes wide eyed.

PATRICK
GET DOWN!

An arm reaches out of the car window holding a .45 caliber pistol.

Patrick reaches for the pistol strapped to his side, under his suit jacket.

The figure in the car opens fire on the men.

Patrick opens fire at the car. Frank Loftus and Paul Ward are quick in following suit.

Paul Ward takes a bullet to the shoulder right before firing off a shot. It hits the shooter's hand, causing him to drop the gun. The window rolls up and the car peels away quickly.

Patrick and Frank keep firing at the escaping vehicle, while everyone else huddles around the wounded Paul Ward.

NOEL

Y'alright there Paul?!

PAUL

Did I hit the Northy bastard?!

BARNEY

Yeah, you got 'em.

PAUL

Then I'm grand!

Paul, Noel, and Barney laugh heartily.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Des stands at the head of the conference table. He's holding the script tightly in his right hand and pacing back and forth eagerly as he talks.

DESMOND

So, in conclusion, my film is a deeply personal character study. It deals with the fear of falling into the flawed habits of our parents and the cyclical nature of heredity. Can you ever truly escape what you were born into? I'm very interested in exploring that.

Des tosses the script on the table.

They all look severely unimpressed. A long beat of silence.

JACK

Sooo... they don't speak english?

Des stares at Jack blankly for a beat.

DESMOND

No. They're in Japan. So I envision

them speaking Japanese.

JACK
How the fuck are we supposed to know
what they're saying?!

DESMOND
Subtitles?

Everybody at the table groans loudly.

EXECUTIVE
Well, does he like... fuck the girl
eventually?

DESMOND
Which girl?

EXECUTIVE
The one who sleeps on the floor next
to him.

DESMOND
That's his sister.

Jack looks around at the other execs and producers.

JACK
There might actually be a market for
that. The French love that wacky sex
stuff.

Everyone starts nodding and chattering about the incest idea.

One PRODUCER stands up abruptly.

PRODUCER
Wait, I got somethin'!

JACK
Spit it out!

PRODUCER
Alright so we got these orphaned
Chinese kids, right?

DESMOND
Japanese.

The Producer swats Des's comment aside.

PRODUCER
Dirty knees, look at these, whatever.

So we got these asian kids. They're tryna make enough money for a plane ticket to the states, right? Maybe one of 'em takes a job at a nuclear testing facility.

Jack leans forward intently.

PRODUCER
The little Chinese kid-

DESMOND
Japanese-

The Producer snaps and points at Des.

PRODUCER
Stay in your fuckin' lane, pal! Fuck! Where was I?

JACK
Nuclear facility!

PRODUCER
Right, so anyways, the kid has a pet lizard. It crawls into the nuclear waste and BOOM...

Everybody in the room is on their toes with anticipation.

PRODUCER
Godzilla!

JACK
Godzilla?

PRODUCER
It's in Japan, right? Let's make this a fuckin' Godzilla movie!

The faces at the table light up. Loud chattering amongst the execs.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY (CONT'D)

Des storms down the hallway of the production office and toward the front desk where Laura is still sitting.

LAURA
Hey there Billy Wilder, how'd it-

Des punches a hole in the wall, then immediately recoils and grips his hand.

DESMOND

OW! FUCK!

LAURA

That bad, huh?

DESMOND

I need a drink.

Laura quickly opens up her liquor drawer. She pulls out a bottle of whiskey and a scotch glass. Des grabs the bottle of whiskey out of her hand and then walks into the elevator with it taking a swig.

The elevator door begins to shut.

LAURA

Will I be seeing you at the premie-

The door shuts.

EXT. PRODUCTION OFFICE LOT - DAY

Des bursts out the door.

The Production Assistant walks by him, heading back inside the office. Des stops in his tracks and does a full one-eighty turn to face the PA.

DESMOND

Yo! Iron Mike!

The PA stops in his tracks and faces Des.

Des tosses the whiskey bottle aside and it shatters on the ground. He squares up to fight and starts bouncing around on the balls of his feet.

DESMOND

Show me what you got! C'mon, teach me somethin'!

He smiles, rolls his sleeves, squares up, and approaches Des so they're within striking distance. They dance around a bit.

Des throws a left, then a right. The PA dodges both attacks with ease.

Des switches to a southpaw stance.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

I'd say don't quit your day job, but it doesn't look like that's workin'

out so well for ya-

Des lands one on the PA's chin. The PA stumbles backward, disoriented.

The PA angrily lunges forward and starts launching powerful punches at Des. Des is able to evade them.

Des dodges a punch and lands a serious blow to the right side of the PA's head.

Des unleashes a flurry of punches with success. He lands a few body shots before the PA throws one square on Des's nose. It knocks him backward and blood starts streaming out his nostrils. He's disoriented.

The PA pushes him backward with punches until they're up against Des's car.

The PA sends one right to the liver. Des collapses to his knees.

The PA starts to walk away, but then turns around and throws one more dirty hook right to the face while Des is on his knees. It knocks him completely down.

They both breathe heavily in silence. The PA laughs to himself.

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT

Not bad. You knocked the taste outta my mouth.

The PA reaches into his wallet and pulls out his card. He drops it next to Des's head, and then walks into the office.

INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Patrick enters his small apartment. His suit jacket is over his shoulder, tie loosened, sleeves rolled up.

I'm A Man You Don't Meet Everyday by The Pogues plays.

The apartment is very bare bones in terms of decoration, besides a drum set tucked in the corner and a big Irish flag that hangs on the wall. Empty beer bottles litter the table in his living area.

He walks into the kitchen and puts a kettle on the stove.

He walks into his room and unbuttons his shirt. There are guns laid out all over his bed.

INT. DESMOND'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Des enters his apartment. Slightly bigger than Patrick's. He has a black eye, a swollen lip, and big wads of bloody tissue paper hanging out of his nose.

He walks into the kitchen area and pulls a bag of frozen peas out of the freezer. He slowly places it against his black eye and winces in pain.

He opens up the fridge and pulls a bottle of beer out of one of the drawers.

He walks back into the living area. He collapses onto the couch, takes a sip of his beer, and then begins to break down in tears.

INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Patrick hangs up his suit in his bedroom closet. He's dressed in jeans and a button up plaid shirt.

He loads the guns on his bed into a briefcase, and places the case under his bed. He sees a shoebox under his bed with a strip of duct tape on the lid that says "Family" in black marker.

Patrick walks back into the kitchen with the shoebox tucked under his arm. The teapot is whistling. He places the shoebox on the counter and pours the boiling water into a mug with a bag of Barry's English Breakfast Tea in it.

He opens the shoebox. It's full of old family photos in thick stacks bound in rubber bands. He flips through them and smiles.

We see a photo he lingers on for a while. It's him and Desmond with their arms around each other at a bar. He looks at the back. TWO STUBBORN CUNTS, MARCH 1985 is written in pen.

INT. DESMOND'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Des flips through the pages of his script. He closes it, stands up and walks over to a garbage can. He takes a long, deep breath before he tosses it in.

He looks down at it sitting in the bottom of the can, before letting his foot off the pedal. The lid closes.

He looks up from the garbage and stares at a small space of the wall with a few amateur boxing accolades and medals hung up, right next to a small Irish flag.

INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Patrick stands at his landline, phone tucked between his ear and shoulder. He has a small black notebook in his hand. He's reading off a number and dialing it.

We see the page he's looking at. DESMOND 909-593-7636.

INT. DESMOND'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Desmond grabs another beer from the kitchen fridge. His attention is diverted by his TELEPHONE RINGING.

MUSIC STOPS.

He closes the refrigerator door and walks over to the phone. He picks it up and brings it to his ear.

DESMOND

Hello?

INT. TABITHA'S OFFICE - EVENING

Desmond's agent, TABITHA is on the other line. TABITHA is in her late 30s, dressed in a pantsuit. She has her phone on speaker while she shoots a miniature basketball into a plastic hoop hung up on her office door.

TABITHA

Hey buddy! What's up?

INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Patrick holds the phone up against his ear.

OPERATOR

(automated)

I'm sorry, the number you are trying to reach is no longer in service.

PATRICK

Shit.

Patrick hangs up the phone.

INT. DESMOND'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Des pulls the phone away from his face, rolls his eyes, and takes a deep breath. He brings the phone back to his ear.

DESMOND

Hello, Tabitha.

INTERCUT DESMOND/TABITHA

TABITHA

You crying?

DESMOND

What? No. Why?

TABITHA

Just wondering. How'd the pitch meeting go? Blow old Jack's socks off?

DESMOND

No, it actually went pretty shitty.

TABITHA

Yeah, I heard. Listen, bud, don't be discouraged! You've got the premiere tonight! Yaaay!

DESMOND

You know, Tabitha, I think I'm gonna skip out on this one.

TABITHA

You kidding me? This is your shot to bump shoulders with some big names! And the chicks at these things are hot! You like Winona Ryder?

DESMOND

Yeah. Is she gonna be there?

TABITHA

You never know!

Des takes a deep breath.

DESMOND

I think... I'm ready to call it quits, Tabitha.

Tabitha is caught off guard. She takes the phone off speaker and brings the handset up to her ear. She covers the microphone on the handset.

TABITHA

Hey! Get lost! I'm having an important business call!

We cut to a wide of Tabitha's office, revealing a MASSEUR giving her a foot massage.

The Masseur stands up and begins to walk out.

TABITHA

Wait!

The Masseur stands at the door.

TABITHA

You do happy endings?

DESMOND

You still there?

TABITHA

(to Masseur)

Wait outside.

The Masseur steps out. Tabitha uncovers the phone mic.

TABITHA

Yes! I'm here. And let me tell you,
Denton-

DESMOND

Desmond.

TABITHA

Let me tell you Desmond, I think you'd
be making a very bad decision to throw
the towel now.

DESMOND

I just feel like, maybe this isn't
really for me. Like I'm not really cut
out for it.

TABITHA

What in the goddamn hell are you
talking about?! I don't know anyone
who knows more about movies or has
seen more movies, for that matter,
than you! And! And, the test
screenings for *Fistful of Vengeance*
have been great! I'm telling you,
Conrad-

DESMOND

Conway.

TABITHA

I'm telling you, Conway, this premiere
is going to cause a big splash! And at
the end of the night, you're gonna be

the talk of the town! You're gonna have to fight Old Jack Winston off with a broomstick!

DESMOND

Well, Tabitha, the thing is, I didn't write *Fistful of Vengeance*. I wrote *A Tear for Leandra*! And if Jack Winston has a change of heart and decides to buy my script, he'll probably turn it into a Kung Fu movie starring Jackie fucking Chan!

TABITHA

Oh, I love Jackie Chan!

Desmond hangs up.

TABITHA

Des? Ya there? Shit.

Tabitha hangs up and sits in silence for a beat.

TABITHA

Foot guy!

The Masseur walks in.

TABITHA

Handjob. Now.

INT. DESMOND'S APARTMENT - EVENING

END INTERCUT.

Des looks back up at the Irish flag. It looks back at him.

He takes a deep breath and gets up off the couch.

EXT. O'RIORDAN'S PUB PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A taxi pulls into the parking lot of O'Riordan's Pub. It's raining.

Patrick climbs out of the driver's side back seat. He runs over to the passenger's side and opens the door. An injured Paul Ward throws his legs out of the car and plants his feet on the wet pavement. He has his left arm in a sling to take weight off his wounded shoulder.

PAUL

(pained)

Ah, for fuck sake.

PATRICK

You should be in the hospital, Paul.

PAUL

And miss a proper night of post-funeral drink? Don't be bold, Patty.

Patrick and Paul clasp their right hands, and Patrick hoists Paul up out of the car.

They begin to walk toward the bar entrance.

PAUL

I thought it wasn't supposed to rain in this town.

INT. O'RIORDAN'S PUB - NIGHT

Frank Loftus, Noel McBrien, and Barney McGlade of The Kelly Gang are bellied up to the bar. AISLING (pronounced Ashling), Frank's girlfriend, works the bar. It's a cozy joint. A true blue Irish watering hole. There are a few patrons sitting at tables.

FRANK

We're gonna need to pick up supplies tomorrow.

Barney doesn't look away from the TV.

BARNEY

Okay, Frank.

FRANK

Handguns, shotguns, ammo, explosives.

BARNEY

Alrighty, Frank.

BARNEY

Coffee too. Folgers. Columbian roast. I like that one. I like it a whole lot.

BARNEY

Yeah, you got it, Frank.

Patrick and Paul enter the bar.

Frank Loftus glances over his shoulder and does a double take.

FRANK
Jesus Christ.

The Kelly Gang turn their heads and smile at the sight of Paul Ward. He receives a thunderous applause.

NOEL
You're not dead? I had money on it!

PAUL
Only half-dead, McBrien!

PATRICK
I'd say half-alive.

BARNEY
The hell are you doing here, Paul?

PAUL
Receiving my proper medication!
Where's the Doctor?

Aisling smiles.

AISLING
What'll it be Paul?

PAUL
Jamo. Rocks.

Aisling begins to pour Jameson into a glass.

Barney chuckles.

BARNEY
You really are a thick Mick, Paul.

PAUL
Thick where it counts. Right, Aisling?

Paul winks at Aisling. She smiles and slides the glass of Jameson down the bar toward Paul.

AISLING
Well, you're a fat fuck, I'll give you that.

Everybody laughs.

PAUL
Is that any way to talk to a hero? A wounded hero, at that!

FRANK

Babe, pour a round of shots for everybody, could ya?

Aisling grabs shot glasses.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Desmond shuts the door of his car, parked along the curb. He locks it up and crosses the street, approaching O'Riordan's Pub.

INT. O'RIORDAN'S PUB - NIGHT

Des enters O'Riordan's and makes a beeline straight for the bathroom located in the back, walking right by Patrick and The Gang.

Aisling hands out shots for them to make a toast. They all hold their shot glasses and gather around Frank.

FRANK

We lost a great man this week. Peter Kelly can never be replaced.

Barney nods.

BARNEY

Never.

FRANK

I think it goes without saying, Peter wouldn't want this to slow us down our operation.

PAUL

He was the best damn butcher in the kitchen. When we chopped up Joey Carbone in the back of Sullivan's, not a single drop of blood touched the floor. Not a drop!

Everybody nods and mumbles in agreement.

NOEL

Handy with a cleaver, he was.

BARNEY

Good with a bat too! A Peter Kelly kneecapping was a sight to behold, man.

NOEL

He knew his way around a piano wire,
as well.

PATRICK

Never seen a head fall off so fast.

FRANK

He was a rare talent. But we can't be
discouraged, boys. After the D.A.
turned up the heat the kitchen it was
Peter's idea to get outta dodge. The
City of Angels. We believed in him.
And we're gonna do what we set out to
do. We're gonna take this town by the
balls.

NOEL

We've got fuck all money, Frank.

BARNEY

Noel's right. We don't have the
materials. Peter put all we had into
this place.

PAUL

I don't think it's a bad spot! Top me
off, Ash!

Aisling pours Jameson into Paul's glass.

PATRICK

There's hardly ever any women around.

Everybody mumbles in agreement.

BARNEY

I was thinking Karaoke night could
help.

NOEL

I like that! That could be a lot of
fun!

FRANK

Gentlemen! We didn't move out here to
open a karaoke bar! We came here to
reclaim our former glory!

PATRICK

How are we gonna do that?

A beat.

FRANK

I don't know yet. I'm working on a plan.

They are all silent.

FRANK

What I do know is, we need more men. So keep your eyes and ears out for possible recruits.

A beat.

PATRICK

Let's not forget why we're here, tonight.

PAUL

Aye.

Paul raises his glass. The rest of the gang follow suit.

PAUL

To Peter Kelly! The best Irishman and the most stubborn cunt I ever known.

FRANK

Slanche.

KELLY GANG

Slanche!

They all clink their shot glasses together and knock em back.

They share a collection of grimaces and exhales.

Aisling turns up the music. Paul sings along and the gang joins him.

PATRICK

Tullamore Dew and ginger ale, Ash.

AISLING

Got it.

Patrick knocks on the bar and then walks toward the back toward the bathroom.

INT. O'RIORDAN'S BATHROOM - CONT'D

Patrick enters the bathroom and walks into one of the two stalls. Desmond exits the other stall.

Des washes his hands and looks over his blackened eye in the mirror.

Whiskey in the Jar by The Dubliners starts playing on the speaker system. Des smiles.

DESMOND
(singing along)
As I was goin' over, the far famed
Kerry mountains. I-

PATRICK
(singing along from stall)
I met with Captain Farrell and his
money he was countin'!

Des laughs.

DESMOND
I first produced my pistol!

PATRICK
And then produced my rapier!

DESMOND
Said "stand and deliver", for he was a
bold deceiver!

DES AND PAT
(harmonizing)
Mush-a ring dumba do dumba da! Wack
fall the daddy-o! Wack fall the daddy-
o!

Patrick kicks the stall door open and jumps out face-to-face with Desmond.

DESMOND
THERE'S WHISKEY IN THE
JAAAAR!

PATRICK
THERE'S WHISKEY IN THE
JAAAAR!

They both yell for joy and hug each other tightly.

PATRICK
You motherfucker!

They embrace each other, laughing in disbelief.

DESMOND
The fuck are you doing in L.A.,
Patty?!

Patrick pulls away.

PATRICK
I'll explain it all in a minute Desi.
Just let me wipe my ass real quick.

Patrick walks back into the stall.

INT. O'RIORDAN'S PUB - NIGHT

Des and Pat are seated at a table to two, both grinning ear to ear.

PATRICK
So. What's the craic?

(CRAIC is pronounced 'CRACK')

Des laughs.

DESMOND
'What's the craic'. Christ, you always
put on the culchie Mick act?

PATRICK
I spend a lot of time with culchie
Micks.

DESMOND
The craic is uh... the craic's
alright.

PATRICK
You sound unsure.

DESMOND
I mean, the craic's been better, but
who am I to argue?

PATRICK
I get it, I get it.

DESMOND
How long have you been out here?

PATRICK
About... I wanna say four weeks?

DESMOND
A month. Never stopped by for a hello.

PATRICK
Well, Christ, if you wanna put it that
way...

DESMOND
Don't ya love me at all, Patty?

PATRICK
I actually tried calling earlier
tonight.

DESMOND
Right.

PATRICK
Swear to God! Your old number's dead
as a doornail.

Patrick brings his beer to his lips.

And the phone runs both ways, dick.

Patrick sips his beer.

DESMOND
You've always been the sentimental
one.

A beat.

PATRICK
I dunno. We're here on business and I
know you're not a fan.

DESMOND
What's that supposed to mean, I'm not
a fan?

PATRICK
It means, you know, you and me have
had our differences about... certain
career choices.

DESMOND
Oh shit. You're still mad, huh?

PATRICK
I'm not mad, I just... I know you
don't want to take part. And that's
fine!

DESMOND
You can't just shoot the shit with
your dear old cousin without having to
kneecap somebody?

PATRICK

Alright, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I just didn't know if you were interested in seeing me!

DESMOND

Get the fuck over yourself, Patty.

Patrick laughs.

PATRICK

I've been in this bar every night for weeks and you waltz in rockin' a Roscommon jersey. Was The Quiet Man on cable or something?

Des chuckles.

DESMOND

Feels good to go back to the roots every once in a while.

PATRICK

I'll say.

A beat.

DESMOND

It's funny, just this morning I was thinking about the summer we spent with Uncle Jim and Aunt Del.

PATRICK

Christ, I think I've blocked that all out.

DESMOND

Remember when Uncle Jim made us use fresh cow milk in our cereal?

PATRICK

Oh yeah. Lukewarm with flies swimming in it.

They both laugh.

DESMOND

They were good people.

PATRICK

The best people.

DESMOND
Wonder how they're doing.

PATRICK
They're well.

A beat of silence. Des and Pat sip their beers.

PATRICK
How's the writer's life? You hot shit yet?

DESMOND
I've always been hot shit, Patty, I'm just waiting for the clowns in the valley to notice.

PATRICK
Seriously, though, I'm curious.

DESMOND
It's fine.

PATRICK
Ah shit, it's bad, huh?

DESMOND
I get work.

PATRICK
Good work?

DESMOND
Work's work.

Des sips his beer.

PATRICK
You know, me and the fellas would be happy to have you.

Des smiles and looks up at Pat.

PATRICK
We could use a hand.

DESMOND
You haven't changed a bit, Patty.

Patrick smirks and shrugs.

PATRICK
Who knows, it could inspire your

writing.

They laugh. Des thinks for a moment.

PATRICK

I'm serious, ya know? How many Italian gangster movies do we need, right? Me and the guys are always sayin' the world needs a proper Irish gangster movie. Westies take Hollywood. I mean, that shit practically writes itself!

Desmond thinks about that.

DESMOND

You're not wrong.

Patrick glances over at the bar. Alan places two pints down.

PATRICK

Looks like our beers are ready.

Patrick gets up and walks over to the bar. Desmond watches him.

The Kelly Gang call Pat over. He says something to them. The whole gang looks over at Des.

Des waves. They wave back.

FRANK

Bring him over here!

PATRICK

I will in a sec, we're just catchin' up for a bit.

Frank stares at Des.

FRANK

What kind of experience does this guy have?

PATRICK

Buy him a drink before you slip a hand in his shirt, Frank.

Frank gives Patrick a 'cut the shit' look.

PATRICK

He can fight. Decent amateur boxing career. Don't think he's ever fired a gun before, though.

Frank waves Des to come over to the bar.

Des knocks back his pint and walks over to the gang.

PATRICK
We were having a nice chat.

BARNEY
Why can't we chat with him?

PAUL
Hear, hear. I'm bored of you cunts.

Des makes it to the bar and starts shaking hands.

DESMOND
Des Conway.

PAUL
What's the craic, Conway?

CUT TO:

INT. O'RIORDAN'S PUB - LATER IN THE NIGHT

The whole gang including Des stand in a circle, clutching pints of beer with their arms wrapped around each other. They're proper pissed and having a good time.

They are belting out a sloppy drunken version of The Sick Bed of Cuchulainn by The Pogues. Mostly out of time.

KELLY GANG
(singing)
McCormack and Richard Tauber, are
singing by the bed! There's a glass of
punch below your feet, and an angel at
your head! There's devils on each side
of you with bottles in their hands!
Give ya one more drop of poison and
you'll dream of foreign lands...

MONTAGE

The studio version of the song plays non-diegetic, picking up where the gang left off.

We see:

-The Gang dancing

-Lots of drinking

-Arm wrestling

-Singing

-Des telling jokes, making everyone laugh

-Paul Ward and Noel McBrian dancing on the bar.

-Des says something to Aisling, she slaps him.

-Des and Patrick play darts. Des hits a bullseye. Patrick pulls a pistol from the back of his jeans and shoots the bullseye, blasting the dartboard off the wall.

-Des and Barney boxing. Des knocks Barney down in one hit. Everyone cheers.

-Every gang member steps into the ring one after the other, none of them landing a shot on Des.

-Patrick steps into the ring. Des evades all of his punches, then knocks him out with a right hook. Des helps him up and they hug.

-Frank watches, very impressed.

-Des smiling, looking around at the scene, looking happier than he's been in a long time.

MUSIC STOPS. CUT TO BLACK.

INT. DESMOND'S APARTMENT - DAY

Desmond awakens on his living area couch. His eyes open slowly and painfully. A stream of morning light hits him directly in the face.

He doesn't have a pillow, so his head is propped at an awkward angle against the arm-rest of his couch.

He lets out a deep groan.

He stands up off the couch and stumbles a little, off balance. His jeans are in a pile on the floor and there are knocked over bottles scattered across the table.

He closes his eyes and rubs his temples.

DESMOND
Oh, Jesus Christ.

INT. DESMOND'S KITCHEN - DAY

Des scoops coffee grounds from a bag into a filter. He fills the pot with water and pours it into the coffee maker tank.

His telephone rings. He looks at the phone, but decides not to answer it.

He loads the coffee filter into the coffee maker and it begins to brew. The phone stops ringing.

He walks back into the living area and does a double take at his coffee table. There's a polaroid photo on the table, pinned down by a half empty beer bottle.

He slowly approaches it, almost scared to look. He pulls it out from under the bottle and raises it up to his face.

We see the photo, a nice group shot of Des with The Kelly Gang. He smiles. He flips the photo around and sees a note written on the back.

It reads:

Glad the Fighting Conways are reunited. Meet back at O'Riordan's tomorrow at 8PM. Betty's in the tank.

INT. DESMOND'S BATHROOM - CONT'D

Des stands over his toilet, reading the note over while he urinates.

He finishes.

DESMOND
The fuck is Betty?

He brings his hand to the lever to flush. He pushes down. It's stuck. He keeps pushing the lever to no avail.

DESMOND
C'mon.

Des slams down the toilet seat.

He takes the lid of the tank off and places it down on the seat.

He peers inside the tank to find the obstruction.

DESMOND
What the fuck?

He reaches into the tank.

He pulls out an air-sealed zip-lock bag with a snub-nose revolver inside.

He immediately drops it back into the tank in shock, and steps backwards until he's back against the wall.

He stands there for a moment staring at the toilet. He laughs nervously, rubs his face with his hands, and slowly walks back to the toilet.

He reaches into the tank again and pulls the bag back out. He stares at it while water drips off.

DESMOND

What the fuck?

He opens the bag frantically and pulls the gun out.

DESMOND

What the fuck?!

Des pops the cylinder out of the gun and sees that it's fully loaded.

DESMOND

Ohhhh, what the fuck?!

Des exits the bathroom and start pacing around his living area nervously looking at the gun.

He looks back at the note on the polaroid.

DESMOND

Glad the Fighting Conways are reunited. Meet back at O'Riordan's tomorrow at 8PM. Betty's in the tank.

Desmond looks up from the letter with a face of deep thought.

He holds the gun in his left hand and the photo in his right hand. The weight of the situation crashes down on him.

DESMOND

Shit.

His telephone rings loudly, diverting his attention.

He slowly and carefully approaches it. He takes it off the receiver and cautiously brings it to his ear.

DESMOND

Hello?

INT. TABITHA'S CAR - DAY

Tabitha is driving a convertible with the top down, looking very happy. She's holding her carphone up to her ear.

TABITHA

Sup, faggot? Just kidding. But seriously, what's going on?

INTERCUT DESMOND/TABITHA

DESMOND

Tabitha?

TABITHA

That's right! You're so smart, Desmond. Hey, look at that! I got your name right!

DESMOND

Look, I'm sorry I didn't go to the premiere-

TABITHA

Me too! It was a hit! Everybody was asking for you!

Des smiles.

DESMOND

Seriously?

TABITHA

The standing ovation was so long, they had to cancel the after party!

DESMOND

Holy shit. Was Winona Ryder there?

TABITHA

Yeah. She kept saying 'I would totally fuck whoever wrote this'. Couldn't stop saying it.

DESMOND

Shit.

TABITHA

Listen up, Conway. I know you're down in the dumps over Jack Winston

shitcanning your script. I sure know I was. I love asians. But I found an opportunity last night.

DESMOND

If it's an opportunity to tell the story I want to tell I'm all ears. But if they want me to shit out Die Hard 7, I'm not interested.

TABITHA

I talked to Marvin Feinstein last night. He's sorry he missed the pitch meeting yesterday. He asked for a copy of your script, so I obliged.

Des smiles.

DESMOND

Marvin Feinstein?! The guy who fought for David Lynch to direct The Elephant Man?!

TABITHA

Sure!

DESMOND

Wow. Thank you Tabitha.

TABITHA

He called me this morning. Loved it. Wants to see you at two.

Des looks at the clock on his wall. 1:00 PM.

DESMOND

Alright, I'll be over!

TABITHA

Brush your teeth, trim your pubes, and meet me over there!

DESMOND

Got it!

Tabitha hangs up.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

Des walks into the office. He's wearing the shirt from yesterday, blood and coffee down the front. He sees Laura at her desk on the phone. She smiles and waves while continuing to talk. Des approaches her.

LAURA

No, I haven't seen him since the premiere last night.

Des leans on her desk, waiting for the phone call to wrap up.

LAURA

Well it's Saturday, he probably partied a little too hard last night and overslept.

A beat.

LAURA

Yes, I tried calling him twice.

A beat.

LAURA

I'm a bit busy at the moment, can I call you back? Okay. Goodbye Mr. Bruckheimer.

Laura hangs up.

LAURA

(southern belle accent)

Mr. Conway! How are we on this fine Saturday morning?

DESMOND

I'm hungover, covered in mysterious bruises, and can't remember getting home last night, but otherwise I'm sound as a pound.

LAURA

At least life's not dull.

DESMOND

Who was that?

LAURA

Jack missed a meeting and won't pick up the phone.

DESMOND

Not out of character, right?

LAURA

He's fine. But you, Mr. Conway. You're on fire.

Des smiles.

DESMOND

That's what I've been hearing. How was the premiere?

LAURA

Well the movie was shit, but the masses ate it up like candy.

DESMOND

Right. But I'm hot?

LAURA

You're hot.

Tabitha comes up behind Des and grabs his ass.

TABITHA

Tell me about it.

Des turns around quickly.

DESMOND

Tabitha! I can't thank you enough-

TABITHA

Don't thank me yet. Marvin Feinstein is in his office right now. He's been asking for you all morning.

Des takes a deep breath.

TABITHA

He's got a big hard on for you, Desmond.

DESMOND

Right.

TABITHA

Now we're gonna waltz into that office and we're gonna tag team him like a pair of taiwanese escorts. We're gonna make him beg.

DESMOND

Okay.

TABITHA

And we're gonna edge him until he can't take it anymore. And then...

A beat.

DESMOND
We're gonna make him come?

TABITHA
That's right.

Laura is cringing.

Des is getting in the zone, bouncing on his toes.

DESMOND
Fuck yeah.

TABITHA
You ready to go take what's yours?

DESMOND
I'm ready.

TABITHA
(voice raised)
What're you gonna do to Feinstein?

DESMOND
Make him come?

TABITHA
Is that a question?

DESMOND
Make him come!

TABITHA
That's right!

Tabitha and Des high five.

TABITHA
Let's do this.

INT. FEINSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Feinstein sits in his office. The lights are out, and he has a film projector set up on one side of the room, projecting *Goodfellas* onto the opposite wall.

He's sitting next to the projector, watching with intensity while biting his index finger.

It's the scene where Tommy get's whacked. The moment the gun fires, there's a knock on the office door, breaking his

immersion.

He stops the projector, angrily.

FEINSTEIN
God! Fucking! Dammit! What?!

Tabitha cracks the door.

TABITHA
Mr. Feinstein! It's Tabitha
Bogdanovich. Desmond Conway's agent.

Feinstein's face lights up.

FEINSTEIN
Is he here?!

Des peaks in behind Tabitha.

DESMOND
Right here, Mr. Feinstein!

FEINSTEIN
Well, come on in! Turn on the lights!

Tabitha and Desmond walk in, Tabitha flicks the lights on.
Feinstein stands up and shakes Desmond's hand.

DESMOND
I hope I'm not interrupting-

FEINSTEIN
No! No! Not at all! Have a seat!
Please!

Des and Tabitha sit down in two chairs placed in front of
Feinstein's desk. Feinstein walks around his big desk and
sits in his chair, across from Des and Tabitha.

FEINSTEIN
Movies. Let's talk 'em.

There's an awkward silence. Des and Tabitha don't know what
they're supposed to say.

TABITHA
Gotta love 'em!

Feinstein nods.

FEINSTEIN
Mr. Conway, let me start off by

saying, I was floored by your script.
Jack Winston was sorely mistaken.

DESMOND
Thank you Mr. Feinst-

FEINSTEIN
Please! Call me Marv!

DESMOND
Well, Marv, that means a lot coming
from you. And I'm gonna get a little
bit off topic here, but I want to
thank you. Thank you for what you've
done for the film industry.

Feinstein smiles.

DESMOND
I can't think of a single producer out
there who cares more about a quality
product than you.

FEINSTEIN
(bashfully)
Oh, stop it.

DESMOND
No, I mean it. When I see the words
'Produced by Marvin Feinstein' pop up
onscreen, I know I'm in for a
compelling, truly human experience.
It's the mark of excellence. You care
about your writers and your directors.
You understand the importance of film
authorship. The importance of a
singular vision. You care about
telling stories. The stories people
need to know. Not because they sell.
But because they're true.

Tabitha stares at Desmond in awe. Feinstein is at a loss for
words. He wipes a tear.

FEINSTEIN
(choked up)
You're right. I do care about these
stories. And I care about yours quite
a bit.

DESMOND
Well, Marv, so do I. Let's help each
other make this thing.

FEINSTEIN

You know, I have a passion project of my own.

Tabitha and Des look at Feinstein surprised.

FEINSTEIN

Have you seen Scorsese's new picture?

DESMOND

Goodfellas?

Feinstein smiles and points at Desmond.

FEINSTEIN

Goodfellas! That's the one!

DESMOND

You know, Marv, I'm embarrassed to admit I haven't yet.

FEINSTEIN

Oh, Conway you gotta! It's fantastic! A mafia masterpiece! Marty's best work!

TABITHA

I'm sorry, what's this have to do with Desmond's film?

FEINSTEIN

I was just getting to that.

Feinstein fires up a cigar and takes a few fat puffs.

He holds it out, offering it to Des.

Tabitha snatches it and takes a few puffs.

FEINSTEIN

Goodfellas inspired me like no other film in recent memory. Watching it in that dark theater... I felt... what's the term I'm looking for?

DESMOND

Movie magic.

FEINSTEIN

Yes! Movie magic! I'm trying to make movie magic, Conway. And I think you're more than capable!

DESMOND

Well, jeez, Marv, I-

FEINSTEIN

You write me the next great American crime film, and I'll produce your film. Let's help each other make movie magic, Desmond. What do ya say?

DESMOND

I'm not sure about that, Marv, I-

FEINSTEIN

I know you're capable. Really. I don't doubt that for a second.

DESMOND

It has nothing to do with capability, I just... I want to make *my* movie.

Feinstein looks disappointed.

FEINSTEIN

That's unfortunate. I was looking forward to working with you.

A beat of silence.

Tabitha laughs nervously.

TABITHA

What?! Desmond! You're just joking, right?! He's joking! He's very comedically gifted!

DESMOND

It's just been done before.

FLASHCUT.

Last night. Des and Pat at the bar table.

PATRICK

How many fucking Italian gangster movies do we need, right?

BACK TO DESMOND.

Des sits there, hearing Patrick's words as Tabitha and Feinstein stare at him.

He stands up explosively.

DESMOND

I mean... How many fucking Italian gangster movies do we need?! Right?! If we wanna stand out, we're going to have to make something unique to Conway, unique to Feinstein!

FEINSTEIN

(Dazed)

Right, right, right. Of course. We need to stand out!

DESMOND

If we come out of the gates with another Italian gangster epic, well we're just asking to be compared to Goodfellas!

Feinstein starts jotting notes in his notepad.

DESMOND

(suddenly, a flash)

Irish!

FEINSTEIN

Irish?

DESMOND

The world wants, hell, the world *needs* an Irish gangster movie!

FEINSTEIN

Good God, you're right!

DESMOND

The Westies of Hell's Kitchen! Written by Desmond Conway! Produced by Marvin Feinstein! I mean, c'mon now Marv, that shit writes itself!

Feinstein is ecstatic.

FEINSTEIN

You can *do* this?

DESMOND

Can I do this? Is the Pope Catholic? Is Mel Brooks circumcised? Is Woody Allen a bad step father?

FEINSTEIN

You're Irish?

DESMOND
 (clearing throat, mediocre Irish
 accent)
 Top of the mornin'!

Feinstein roars with laughter. He leans on his desk and wipes a tear from his eye.

FEINSTEIN
 This script is your destiny!

DESMOND
 Now, let me be clear, Marv. I'll crank out a hot script- and you bet your ass it will be a hot script... But only if my Japanese movie gets the green light. Deal?

FEINSTEIN
 Conway, if you write me a hit... you'll get a light greener than a Leprechaun's asshole.

Feinstein puts out his hand for a handshake. Des grasps his hand and they shake vigorously.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

Tabitha and Des walk toward the elevator smiling. Des walks with a confident swagger. Des looks over at Laura, who's on the phone.

The elevator door opens. Jack Winston, drenched in sweat exits the elevator, bumping shoulders with Desmond and paying him no attention.

As Des gets on the elevator, he watches Winston. Winston looks around frantically, and walks to his office briskly. He slams the door shut and closes the blinds.

Elevator door shuts.

DESMOND
 You see that?

TABITHA
 Nope.

Tabitha grabs Des by the crotch and pushes him into the corner of the elevator.

TABITHA
 But I did see you just make the

goddamn deal of the century with
Marvin Feinstein.

Des laughs nervously.

DESMOND

Oh, haha, yeah. That went pretty well,
huh?

TABITHA

Oh, that went very well. I didn't know
you had it in you.

DESMOND

Wow, haha. Ow! Easy!

TABITHA

I'm sure you're full of surprises.

DESMOND

Maybe.

TABITHA

Don't undersell yourself, Desmond.
We're about to make a lot of money
together.

The elevator stops. The door opens.

TABITHA

Are you getting off?

DESMOND

Hmm?

Tabitha pulls away.

TABITHA

Are you getting off?

DESMOND

Oh! Um... depends on whether or not
you're going down.

Tabitha laughs.

TABITHA

Desmond! This conversation is starting
to feel a little sexual.

DESMOND

Well you opened with grabbing my cock,
so I figured nothing was off the

table.

She flicks her sunglasses on.

TABITHA
Call me if you wanna... celebrate
later.

Des throws up pistol fingers.

DESMOND
Alrighty, then. You betcha.

She walks out of the elevator.

DESMOND
Holy shit.

A wide shot reveals a guy in the corner of the elevator looking extremely uncomfortable.

DESMOND
Hey, how's it going?

INT. O'RIORDAN'S - DAY

The gang watches Gaelic Football on the TV. Noel and Barney are in the heat of an argument.

NOEL
I'm just saying. If an establishment says "Open ten A.M. to four P.M.", I should be able to order up until four P.M.

BARNEY
I don't know, Noel, think about the workers.

NOEL
They're still being paid! I've worked in the business of food service Barney! You haven't!

BARNEY
I'm just saying, I understand where they're coming from if they lock the door ten minutes before closing time.

NOEL
You're wrong Barney! If they're gonna do that, they should change their hours from ten A.M. to three-fifty

P.M.. But then they'd lock the door at three-fourty!

Noel sips his beer.

BARNEY

Whatever, man.

The front door of O'Riordan's swings open abruptly. Des stands in the doorway.

DESMOND

What's up motherfuck-

In a split second, Paul pulls the pistol from the back of his jeans, spins himself around and shoots at Des without seeing who it is.

The gunshot blasts a chunk of the door off. Des throws his hands in the air. Everybody calls for Paul to put the gun down.

DESMOND

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! It's me! It's me!

Paul puts the gun down.

PAUL

Shit! Ya can't sneak up on us like that!

Everybody relaxes, sighs with relief, and smiles.

Patrick approaches Des and nearly knocks him over with a hug.

PATRICK

You son of a bitch you actually showed up!

Patrick releases Des.

DESMOND

You kiddin' me! Course I did! I had more fun last night than I had in years. That's God's honest truth.

Patrick looks at Des with a proud grin.

The gang crowds around Des and greets him.

FRANK

I was afraid you got cold feet on us.

DESMOND

C'mon Frank, you know Conways don't flake!

PAUL

Sorry about that, Des. Force of habit.

DESMOND

Hey, don't worry about it, Paul.

BARNEY

How's it goin', Des?

DESMOND

I'm grand, Barney. But whose horse do you need to decapitate to get a drink around here?

AISLING

What'll it be?

DESMOND

Tully and ginger ale would be great.

PATRICK

What'd you get up to today?

DESMOND

Not enough. Had a hangover from hell so I came here for a little hair of the dog. I found Betty, by the way!

Des pulls the gun out of the back of his pants and points it at Paul.

DESMOND

Freeze, bitch!

Paul throws his hands in the air.

PAUL

Easy! Easy!

Everyone laughs.

DESMOND

She is a beauty, though. Can't wait to uh... ya know, shoot some people with this thing. Make 'em sleep with he fishes and shit. Protestant fishes, that is.

FRANK
So. Are you in?

Des looks at Patrick. Patrick winks.

DESMOND
I'm in.

They shake hands.

FRANK
We're gonna need the extra set of
hands on the operation. You're good
with your fists.

Barney chuckles.

BARNEY
Ha! Good with fists.

FRANK
Barney!

Barney jumps.

BARNEY
What's up, Frank?

FRANK
You brought the guns, right?

BARNEY
What?! Of course I did! C'mon, Frank!
You know I always bring the guns.

FRANK
Well I don't see 'em.

BARNEY
Shit, ya know what, they're still in
my car! I got your coffee too. The
Columbian stuff.

FRANK
Well, go get 'em, then!

BARNEY
Right, I'm gonna do that right now,
Frank.

Barney walks to the door. He turns around before exiting.

BARNEY
You want me to get the coffee too?

FRANK
Just the guns, Barney.

Barney exits.

PATRICK
I actually wouldn't mind a cup.

FRANK
Barney!

Barney pokes his head back through the door.

BARNEY
You say my name, Frank?

BARNEY
Get the coffee too.

FRANK
You got it, Frank!

Barney nods and exits again.

A beat of silence.

DESMOND
So! What's this operation all about?

INT. O'RIORDAN'S PUB - NIGHT

Frank stands at the blackboard. It's blank.

The gang sit in a formation of closely grouped chairs facing Frank.

Frank claps his hands together.

FRANK
The O'Connell crime family. Biggest
crime syndicate out of Northern
Ireland, and reigning champs of the
Irish Crime Hurling League.

Bitter cross chatter amongst the gang.

PATRICK
Terrible cheaters.

NOEL
And even worse winners.

PAUL
We should've won in eighty-seven! That
ref deserved to be shot!

AISLING
You did shoot him, Paul.

PAUL
And I'm sayin' he deserved it!

FRANK
Hey, c'mon, pay attention!

Everyone settles down. Declan stands next to Frank. Frank
scratches behind Declan's ear as he speaks.

FRANK
Most recently, they killed our dear
leader, Peter Kelly.

PAUL
Fuckers.

Paul sips his whiskey.

FRANK
Since they left the Old Country, the
Unionist cocksuckers have done pretty
good for themselves. They wanna
eliminate any and all competition.
Especially a bunch of Catholic farm
boys like us.

Frank flips the blackboard to reveal a crudely drawn floor
plan.

FRANK
This here's a rough sketch of Maggie
Thatcher's Celt-Anglo Fusion.

NOEL
(outraged)
Maggie Thatcher's what?!

FRANK
Celt-Anglo Fusion. It's a fusion of
British and Irish cuisine.

The gang groans in disgust.

PAUL

These Crown-loving bastards have taken it too far.

FRANK

When we first moved out here, I had Aisling get a waitressing gig over there. She's gained a decent bit of trust, so we've got some eyes on the inside. Take it away, babe.

AISLING

The O'Connell's are holding an annual poker game on the second floor of Maggie's tomorrow night. Lotta big wigs with big bucks come to this thing.

FRANK

And we're gonna rob the fuckers blind.

A beat.

DESMOND

How?

FRANK

What do you mean?

DESMOND

What's the plan? How are we gonna rob them?

FRANK

Well... we're gonna walk in there, point our guns at 'em, take their money, and leave.

A beat.

PATRICK

That's not really... much of a plan.

NOEL

I'm gonna have to agree with Patty, Frank.

Everyone mumbles in agreement.

PAUL

I mean, there's gonna be some sort of security, right?

AISLING

There's gonna be six guards. Two guarding the entrance and two guarding the stairway. They have a live camera feed of the entire block around the restaurant, so they'll see us before we're even two minutes away.

Everybody looks at each other with concerned looks.

They also have a weapons dealer they call The Quartermaster. A third party source of weapons and security, so the guns they use can't be traced back to them. He'll be there, making sure everybody is armed to the teeth. On top of that, the underside of the poker table is armed with buzzers. One for each person at the table. If anybody presses one, it'll alert a police dispatch they've got tucked in their back pockets. So... Yeah. We're gonna need a plan that'd make Sinatra and the Rat Pack shit themselves.

Everyone looks back at Frank.

FRANK

Well, fuck! I don't know, alright! Being the leader is tough! I never asked for this! Making the plans was always Peter's thing. I'm just... I'm really fuckin' stressed out and-

Frank breaks down in tears. Everyone sits uncomfortably.

NOEL

C'mon, Frank, don't say that.

PAUL

Aye, you're doing great.

Frank sits and collects himself.

FRANK

I'm sorry guys, I just-

BARNEY

Frank, we're a team, man! We're all pulling extra weight since Peter died.

FRANK

Thanks, Barney.

BARNEY

Yeah, you got it, man. We can work on a plan together, ya know?

PAUL

Well, does anyone have any ideas?

Silence.

PATRICK

I mean, Des has probably watched more heist movies than anybody.

Des laughs.

Everybody turns around and looks at Des.

DESMOND

Wait, seriously?

NOEL

Well, we got fuck all else.

Des thinks.

He stands up and starts pacing around. The gang watches him.

He closes his eyes and snaps with his right hand. He turns around and points at Noel.

DESMOND

Noel.

NOEL

What's up.

DESMOND

I'm gonna need you to go to the library. Take out a book on video surveillance and see if you can get your hands on a map of the neighborhood around Maggie Thatcher's.

NOEL

Fair enough.

DESMOND

Aisling, we're going to need you working the night of the game.

AISLING

I'll see what I can pull.

DESMOND

Figure out where the police unit dispatches from, and if you can get any contact information for this Quartermaster guy.

She nods.

DESMOND

Paul, you and me are gonna do some homework. I want you to go to the video store and take out *Bullitt*, *The Italian Job*, *The French Connection*, and *Mister Majestyk*.

PAUL

On it.

DESMOND

Frank. Do you know anybody who works with cars?

FRANK

I got a buddy who hangs his hat up in the mountains. Runs a chop shop. Frankensteins cars together so they're untraceable.

DESMOND

Get him on the phone. We need something fast enough to get out of there and big enough to carry all of us.

FRANK

That's a lot to ask.

DESMOND

Well, this job's a lot to pull off. Patty?

PATRICK

What do you need?

DESMOND

I need you to teach me how to shoot. I'm no use if I can't hit the broad side of a barn.

PATRICK

That's the truth.

BARNEY

Do you have a job for me?

DESMOND

Umm, I think, we're good honestly.
Yeah. We should be covered.

BARNEY

Well I feel bad, everyone's got a special task and whatnot and I'm just sittin' around with my dick in my hand. You guys want me to grab a pizza?

DESMOND

I guess I could eat. You guys hungry?

NOEL

Come to think of it, I'm pretty starving.

FRANK

I second that.

PATRICK

Thanks, Barney.

Barney gets up and walks to the door.

BARNEY

Two large pies? Plain?

AISLING

How 'bout one plain, one pepperoni.

Everyone agrees.

BARNEY

Got it.

Barney walks out.

MONTAGE:

A faux-Mission Impossible style theme plays.

-Des pops the trunk of his car and pulls out a dusty electronic typewriter. He blows the dust off.

-Des clears space off one of the tables in the bar and sets up his typewriter.

-Barney's at the library. He pulls a book off the shelf

titled *Handbook of Surveillance Technologies*. He talks to a librarian. In the basement, the librarian hands him a large, rolled sheet of paper.

-Back at the bar, they unroll a large, neighborhood-specific map across the table.

-Des types away on his typewriter, Frank and Patrick stand over his shoulder, watching.

-Des and Pat out in the desert. Patrick sets up empty bottles on a boulder for Des to target practice.

-Des and Paul look over a map of the area. Des highlights possible escape routes on the map. He sets up little matchbox cars on it as models.

-Des fires at the bottles and misses every shot. Pat shakes his head.

-Aisling, up on a ladder, removes a surveillance camera from outside O'Riordan's.

-Frank pulls up to a modest garage up in a woodsy mountainous area. He goes inside and sees a guy with a welding mask working on a car engine. The guy flips up the mask, smiles at Frank and walks up and shakes his hand.

-Des and Aisling look in the *Handbook of Surveillance Technologies*. They have the surveillance camera on the bar, opened up, wires exposed. Des reads aloud from the book and Aisling snips wires with a small wire cutter.

-Barney picks up two large pizzas from a pizzeria.

-Pat gives Des pointers about shooting. He sets up more bottles. Des shoots until the gun is empty, he hits two of the bottles.

-Frank sits next to the Chop Shop guy at a table in the garage. The Chop Shop guy sketches a design and Frank watches.

-Des and Paul sit at the bar and watch the chase scene from *Bullitt* on the bar TV. On the bar top is a stack of VHS tapes that include *Bullitt*, *The French Connection*, *Mister Majestyk*, and *The Italian Job*. Des points out certain maneuvers and Paul takes notes.

-Aisling working at Maggie Thatcher's. She steps into the back office. Inside she looks through the drawers of the desk. She finds a small notebook of phone numbers and flips through it. She stops on a page that reads: *Quartermaster*

323-486-0269.

-The Chop Shop guy shows Frank the custom V8 engine he's crafted. Frank high fives him. They carry the engine to the vehicle and lower it in. We never see a full view of the car.

-Des and Patrick in the desert. Des pulls the gun from its holster, shoots at the bottles, and hits every one. He blows smoke from the barrel, spins the gun around his finger and holsters it. He faces Patrick with a big grin.

-Aisling dials the Quartermaster's number on the telephone inside the bar. She brings the handset to her ear.

END MONTAGE.

INT. MAGGIE THATCHER'S BACK OFFICE - THE NIGHT OF

MOLLY and BRENDAN O'CONNELL, the bosses of the O'Connell Family, get ready for the big night.

Besides the desk in the middle of the room, the office is more for comfort than work. It's adorned with furniture and decor.

Brendan is tying the bowtie of his tuxedo. Molly is putting on makeup in the mirror. She's wearing an elegant red dress.

MOLLY

Shame Sean couldn't be here tonight.

BRENDAN

You know him. Doesn't care for games.
Likes to do the dirty work.

Molly walks up behind Brendan and wraps her arms around him.

MOLLY

Just like his father.

BRENDAN

I like games.

Brendan struggles to tie his tie.

MOLLY

Here lemme help.

He turns around and faces her. She does his tie for him.

There's a knock on the door.

MOLLY

Come in!

Aisling walks in wearing dressy waitress attire.

MOLLY

Aisling, ya look lovely!

AISLING

Oh, thank you, Ms. O'Connell.

BRENDAN

Did you hear us bangin' a minute ago?

AISLING

No, can't say I did.

BRENDAN

See, babe, I told ya the soundproof door was a good idea.

AISLING

Um, I was wondering if I could get you anything?

BRENDAN

G and T for me.

MOLLY

I'm grand.

BRENDAN

Could you take these glasses for us?

Brendan points to a pair of empty champagne glasses on the desk.

AISLING

Of course.

Aisling walks to the desk and puts the empty glasses on her tray.

BRENDAN

Big turn out this year.

MOLLY

Better every year.

BRENDAN

Come next tournament there'll be no competition.

MOLLY

Not even from a bunch of old country
Chuckies?

Aisling listens.

BRENDAN

Sean'll sniff 'em out and put a bullet
in every last one of 'em. He already
got their big man.

MOLLY

That Kelly fucker.

BRENDAN

The only good southerner's a dead one.
No offense Aisling.

AISLING

Oh, none taken.

MOLLY

We appreciate you working tonight.

AISLING

Please, I need the money.

BRENDAN

Well, you can expect a lot.

She smiles and begins to walk out.

AISLING

(under breath)

Like you wouldn't believe.

Aisling stops before she's completely out the door and turns
around.

AISLING

Oh! I just remembered! That
Quartermaster fella wanted to speak
with you.

Molly and Brendan look at each other.

MOLLY

Well, send him in here, then.

Aisling flashes a sweet smile, then exits the office into a
narrow hallway.

AISLING

Cunt.

She walks down the hallway. We follow her and she stops at a door on the left side of the hall. She enters the room.

We are inside the SECURITY ROOM.

The Security Room is a small office with a big stack of television monitors that display live security footage from inside the restaurant and the surrounding streets.

THE QUARTERMASTER, ARMED GUARD #1, and ARMED GUARD #2 sit in swivel chairs and watch the feed.

ARMED GUARD #1

'Sup sweet thing.

AISLING

Molly and Brendan want to speak with you.

The Quartermaster nods.

QUATERMASTER

You two come with me.

The Armed Guards look at each other.

ARMED GUARD #2

Shouldn't we keep watch on the cameras?

The Quartermaster looks at Aisling.

QUATERMASTER

Would you be a dear and watch the cameras for us?

AISLING

Not a bother!

The Quartermaster walks toward the door.

QUATERMASTER

C'mon.

The Armed Guards get up reluctantly and follow the Quartermaster.

ARMED GUARD #1

I'll be seein' you in my dreams.

Aisling shuts the door behind them.

She walks up to the monitors and pulls a pair of wire cutters from the waist of her pants.

INT. KELLY GANG VAN - NIGHT

Paul drives, Frank is in the passenger seat, and the rest of the gang sits in the back of the van.

Des breathes heavily and bites his thumbnail nervously, watching the other men load their shotguns.

DESMOND

Could I get some bullets?

Patrick grabs a box of shotgun ammo and hands it to Des.

PATRICK

Shells.

Des nods.

DESMOND

Shells.

Des opens the box and loads the shotgun. Slowly and clumsily.

BARNEY

Hey, Paul, tell Des the Breezeblock story!

Everybody chuckles collectively except for Des.

PAUL

I already told it earlier.

PATRICK

C'mon! Des ain't heard it yet. It'll calm his nerves.

DESMOND

I'm not nervous.

NOEL

Right. Your hands are just set on vibrate.

PAUL

Too late! We're here!

The van begins to slow down.

Everybody snaps into business mode and grabs their guns.

BARNEY
Your positive Ash blinded the cameras?

FRANK
Yup. Paged me a minute ago. Ain't she
the best?

Frank holds up his pager.

PAUL
You're a lucky man, Franklin.

Des grabs his gun and takes deep gulps of air.

FRANK
Alright boys, put your faces on.

The gang pull their multicolored ski masks over their faces.
Frank puts a classic black ski mask on.

NOEL
What the fuck?!

FRANK
What?

BARNEY
Why do you have a normal one?

FRANK
I'm the leader.

NOEL
Christ, if I knew you'd have us
walking into a stick-up representing
the fuckin' Lollipop Guild I would've
paid for the good ones myself!

The gang climbs out of the van. Frank leans in the passenger
seat window.

FRANK
Let me know you got this, Paul.

PAUL
I got this, Frank.

FRANK
See you on the other side.

Frank slaps the door twice and turns around.

Paul begins to drive off.

INT. MAGGIE THATCHER'S DINING AREA - NIGHT

A large poker table is in the middle of the upper level dining floor. Ten men dressed in tuxedos sit around around the table. Aisling and another waiter take their orders.

The Quartermaster stands with his hands clasped, leaning against a wall.

There are two guards, ARMED GUARD #3 and ARMED GUARD #4 standing on either side of the table.

Molly and Brendan O'Connell walk out into the dining area.

Everyone in the room claps upon their entrance.

BRENDAN
Evening, folks!

MOLLY
We appreciate ya coming out to our
fifth annual poker tournament!

More applause.

BRENDAN
When Molly and I first came out here
we ran a modest narcotics ring.

MOLLY
But with the help of everyone in this
room we've grown into the biggest
crime syndicate in southern
California.

Everyone raises glasses and cheers.

BRENDAN
At the rate we're going, this table
may have to double in size come next
year's tournament.

MOLLY
If you need a drink, Aisling and James
will be on standby.

BRENDAN
So without further ado, let's get this
game going!

Everyone claps and cheers.

Molly and Brendan take seats at the table.

The dealer starts dealing cards.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONT'D

Armed Guard #1 and Armed Guard #2 sit in their swivel chairs, staring at the camera feed monitors.

The monitors display the surrounding streets. There are no cars to be seen.

ARMED GUARD #1
Quiet night, huh?

ARMED GUARD #2
Yeah, I think there's a big tennis match on.

EXT. MAGGIE THATCHER'S PARKING LOT - CONT'D

Patrick, Des, Frank, Barney, and Noel quickly move across the dark parking lot, crouching low, gripping their guns.

FRANK
Alright. You boys, ready?

Everyone nods.

FRANK
Noel, you nudge Paul. I'll get Aisling.

Frank and Noel get their pagers out.

INT. KELLY GANG VAN - CONT'D

Paul sits in the van, pulled up to a curb, staring down a long street. He holds his pager.

It begins beeping. He clicks it off.

He shifts the van into gear and speeds away down the street.

INT. MAGGIE THATCHER'S DINING AREA - NIGHT

Aisling takes a drink order from one of the poker players.

The pager in her pocket starts beeping and she quickly silences it.

AISLING
Sorry 'bout that! Long Island Iced

tea, coming right up!

Aisling turns around and walks toward the door to the stairway. She slips between Armed Guards #3 and #4 and goes down the stairs.

The bottom of the stairway opens into the lower level dining floor. ARMED GUARD #5 and ARMED GUARD #6 stand at the bottom of the stairs.

AISLING
'Scuse me fellas.

ARMED GUARD #5
Where are you going?

AISLING
Getting somethin' from the kitchen!

Aisling walks across the empty dining floor toward the kitchen.

Inside the kitchen, she goes to the restaurant's heavy metal back door.

There's a large lock mechanism with a keypad.

Aisling pulls a folded piece of paper out of her back pocket. She reads it and punches in the key code.

The door unlocks and she swings it open.

The gang stands outside. They enter quietly, guns ready.

FRANK
God, I love you.

Frank kisses Aisling, then points his shotgun at her. She turns around and puts her hands over her head.

They exit the kitchen as a group, into the dining area.

The guards see them, raise their guns and try and shoot. The guns make clicking sounds.

ARMED GUARD #5
What the f-

Patrick racks his shotgun.

PATRICK
Not a sound. Drop 'em.

Armed Guards #5 and #6 drop their guns and put their hands in the air.

Frank looks at Noel.

FRANK

Stay down here and make sure they don't try anything funny.

Noel nods.

INT. COP CAR - CONT'D

Two Police officers, OFFICER #1 and OFFICER #2 sit in their car. It's pulled up to the curb.

OFFICER #1

Y'ever wonder if we're...

OFFICER #2

What?

OFFICER #1

Ya know... the "bad cops".

OFFICER #2

What?! Hell fuckin' no, man! We're like Robin Hood. We steal from the rich and give to the poor.

OFFICER #1

But... we don't do that. We help gangsters get away with murder.

OFFICER #2

Jeez, Debbie Downer, way to be negative about everything.

The Kelly Gang van speeds by the cops.

OFFICER #2

Oh, hell yeah.

Officer #2 flashes his lights and floors the gas pedal.

OFFICER #1

Shouldn't we keep posted-

OFFICER #2

(dummy voice)

Hurr durr, should we keep posted? Shut the fuck up.

INT. KELLY GANG VAN - CONT'D

Paul sees the red and blue lights flashing in his rear-view. He slows down and pulls over.

INT. MAGGIE THATCHER'S DINING AREA - NIGHT

Frank, Barney, Patrick, and Des enter the Dining area.

FRANK

Evening, lads and ladies!

The guards in the room aim and pull their triggers. Nothing but clicks.

BARNEY

Aw, that sucks, man! Our's work!

Barney aims his gun at the chandelier and blasts it with a shot.

The Chandelier crashes down in the middle of the poker table.

Everyone in the room flinches and throws their hands in the air, except for Molly O'Connell, who presses the buzzer under the table at rapid speed.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The two Officers climb out of their car, guns drawn.

Inside the car, a little red light on their dashboard flashes. They have their backs turned to the car so they don't notice.

Officer #2 makes it to the driver's side window of the van and points his gun at Paul.

Paul rolls down his window.

PAUL

Evening, officer!

OFFICER #2

Evening my ass! You have any idea how fast you were going back there?

PAUL

Can't say I do. How fast?

Officer #2 looks at Officer #1. Officer #1 shrugs.

OFFICER #2
I don't know. But it looked pretty
goddamn fast.

INT. MAGGIE THATCHER'S DINING AREA - CONT'D

Des and Patrick point their guns at the guards, Barney points his gun at the players, and Frank points his gun at Brendan O'Connell.

Armed Guard #1 and #2 come out from inside the security room come out and try shooting at the Kelly's. Guns click.

Barney turns around and aims at them. They drop their guns and throw their arms in the air.

FRANK
Go back in the security room and stay
there.

Frank looks over at the Quartermaster.

FRANK
You go with 'em.

The Quartermaster puts his arms in the air and follows Guards #1 and #2 into the security room, as Barney keeps them in his sights.

FRANK
Where's the pot?

BRENDAN
You think we're stupid enough to keep
all the money here?

Frank smashes the stock of his shotgun into Brendan's face.

Brendan shouts in pain and grabs his face.

Frank pushes Brendan's face down against the felt table top.

FRANK
I know you are.

Frank points the barrel of his shotgun in Brendan's face.

FRANK
Five.

Players at the table glance at each other in fear.

FRANK

Four.

Molly and Brendan look each other in the eye. Molly's eyes are pleading for Brendan to give in.

FRANK

Three.

Patrick glances back at Frank. Des's hands shake with fear.

FRANK

Two, one.

Brendan closes his eyes and braces.

MOLLY

In the back office!

The tension eases. Everyone begins breathing again.

BRENDAN

Fuckin' Christ, Molly.

Frank takes his hand off the back of Brendan's head. Brendan sits up and grabs his broken nose.

FRANK

Show me.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONT'D

The police officers stand by Paul and watch as he walks in a straight line, heel to toe, tilting his head back and touching his nose.

PAUL

If I do this long enough do I get a discount on my next bail payment?

Officer #1 hands Paul a ticket.

OFFICER #2

Pay before thirty days. I'm sure this isn't your first rodeo.

The officers are about to turn around and face their car, red light still blinking.

PAUL

Hey Officers!

They divert their attention back to Paul.

PAUL
did I ever tell ya the story about my
old pal, Breezeblock?

OFFICER #1
When the fuck would you have told us
that?

PAUL
Good point, good point.

A beat.

OFFICER #2
Well... is it a funny story?

Paul smiles and draws a deep breath.

INT. MAGGIE THATCHER'S OFFICE - CONT'D

Frank and Barney stand behind Brendan and Molly, guns pointed
at their backs.

Brendan reluctantly takes a large Queen Elizabeth painting
down off the wall, revealing an emptied out cavity in the
wall storing a safe.

BARNEY
You can't make this shit up.

Frank tosses a burlap sack at Molly and Brendan.

FRANK
You know the drill.

INT. MAGGIE THATCHER'S DINING AREA - CONT'D

Dead silence in the dining area.

Patrick points his gun at Armed Guard #3 and Des points his
gun at Armed Guard #4.

Desmond is visibly shaking.

ARMED GUARD #4
You alright, Boss?

A beat.

ARMED GUARD #4
You don't look very good.

DESMOND

Shut up.

ARMED GUARD #3

What's going on over there?

ARMED GUARD #4

This guy's shakin' like a leaf. Don't think he's got the balls.

PATRICK

Shut the fuck up! Get back!

Armed Guard #3 backs up a step.

ARMED GUARD #4

Look buddy. If this ain't your thing, I'm not judging. Just put down the gun, and leave. We'll let you off the hook.

A beat.

Patrick glances at Des.

Armed Guard #3 grabs the barrel of Patrick's shotgun and pushes it away from his face. Patrick fires. It blasts a chunk out of the wall.

Patrick grips the gun tightly. He and Armed Guard #3 wrestle for it.

Des glances back and forth between the scuffle on the other side of the room and Armed Guard #4.

DESMOND

You alright?! Pat?!

Armed Guard #3 gets Patrick's back against the wall, battling for control of the gun.

PATRICK

Stay on him!

Armed Guard #4 puts out his hand.

ARMED GUARD #4

Give me the gun.

Armed Guard #4 steps closer to Des and Des backs up.

DESMOND

Get back!

Armed Guard #3 has the gun nearly pointed at Patrick's face. He sticks his thumb through the trigger guard and puts pressure on it. BOOM.

The blast nearly hits Patrick's face and blows a chunk out of the ceiling.

The players at the table flinch in fear.

DESMOND
Pat, are you alright?!

PATRICK
FUCKING SHOOT HIM!

DESMOND
Ahhh fuck this, man!

Des racks the shotgun multiple times in a row, ejecting all the ammunition. He tosses the gun aside and squares up.

Armed Guard #4 laughs.

ARMED GUARD #4
First he's a pussy, then he's a
retard!

Armed Guard #4 pulls a knife strapped to his calf.

He sprints toward Des and swings the blade at him. Des dodges the attack with rapid head movement.

Armed Guard #4 is thrown off by Des's athletic abilities.

He swings the knife at Des multiple times, Des bobbing and weaving his way around the attacks.

On the other end of the room, Armed Guard #3 pushes the barrel of the gun closer and closer to Patrick's face. Patrick grabs the pump action of the shotgun and starts ejecting shells so the gun is empty. He overpowers the guard and smashes his teeth with the barrel of the gun.

Guard #3 stumbles backward onto the poker table.

Patrick picks up one of the shells off the ground and loads it into the gun.

Guard #3 sprints at Patrick and tackles him before he can use the gun. Guard #3 starts punching Patrick in the face viciously.

Des is distracted by Patrick's struggle. Guard #4 lunges

forward at Des. Des throws his arm up to block the attack. The blade goes right through Des's left hand.

Des yelps. He throws a right hook to Guard #4's ribs. The guard lets go of the knife and stumbles backwards.

The players at the table watch, frozen.

PLAYER #1
Should we do something?

PLAYER #2
Nah, they got this.

Des pulls the knife out of his hand and winces in pain.

DESMOND
Pat!

Patrick lays on the ground, face bloodied, disoriented. Guard #3 stands over him, loading a shell into the shotgun. He looks over at Des.

Des tosses him the knife. He catches it and jams it into Guard #3's ankle. The Guard howls in pain. He pulls the trigger on impulse. It grazes Patrick's shoulder.

The Guard collapses, clutching his ankle. Patrick falls backward, clutching his shoulder.

Des and Guard 4 square up and approach each other. They both launch flurries of hard hitting punches. Des is able to evade most of the Guard's attacks.

The guard, visibly tired, throws a telegraphed right hook. Des dodges it, grabs his extended arm, and breaks it backward over his knee like a tree branch. He passes out.

Des looks over at Patrick and Guard #3 who are in the middle of a game of tug of war with the shotgun.

Des picks up his shotgun off the ground and approaches them. He swings the shotgun like a baseball bat and hits Guard 3 in the mouth, sending him ass over tits backward. He lies unconscious.

Des grabs his wounded hand.

DESMOND
FUCK!

INT. BACK OFFICE - CONT'D

Brendan and Molly load the last of the cash into the burlap sack.

Frank snatches it from them and ties it shut.

FRANK
Pleasure doing business.

BARNEY
Thirsty business, that's for sure.
Gonna grab a nice cold pint when I get home. No cheap shit!

FRANK
You can say that again. Hey why don't ya nudge the chauffeur.

Barney takes his pager out.

MOLLY
Police'll be here any minute.

FRANK
Is that right?

EXT. CITY STREET - CONT'D

Paul and the two Officers stand next to the van. They're leaned forward intently, listening to Paul's story.

PAUL
The fucker undoes his belt... He loops his thumbs around the waistband... and before he drops his trousers he looks up at us and says: "But, old stuff doesn't count!"

The two officers throw their heads back in roaring laughter. Paul leans against the van and smiles.

His beeper goes off.

OFFICER #1
Man, you got a knack for storytelling.

PAUL
Well, lads, I best be headin' out.
Hope you meet your quotas for the evening.

Paul swings the van door open and climbs in.

OFFICER #2
Wait just a goddamn second.

Paul looks back at the Officer.

OFFICER #2
Lemme see that ticket.

Paul takes the parking ticket out of his back pocket and hands it to the Officer. The Officer smiles and tears it in half.

Paul smiles with relief.

OFFICER #2
Get home safe, friend.

Paul winks, shifts the van into gear and drives off.

OFFICER #2
See that's what I love about pulling people over. When they're good, you get a nice chat out of it. If they're bad, you get to whip out the billy club.

OFFICER #1
I've never actually used the club.

OFFICER #2
You haven't lived, brother.

They climb into the car and their eyes are instantly drawn to the blinking red light on the dashboard.

OFFICER #1
Hey, you seein' this?

OFFICER #2
Yeah, I'm seein' it.

OFFICER #1
Is that the "something's going horribly wrong and we need you over here right away" signal?

OFFICER #2
Check the guide.

Officer #1 opens the glove box and pulls out a composition notebook and flips a few pages in.

OFFICER #2
What's it say?

OFFICER #1
(reading from notebook)
May eleventh, nineteen-ninety. The
blue pill didn't work. Something must
be broken. Deborah claims to still
love me-

Officer #2 snatches the notebook away.

OFFICER #2
Wrong notebook. It's the red one.

Officer #1 reaches into the glove box and pulls a red
notebook out.

OFFICER #1
Ah.

He clears his throat.

OFFICER #1
In the event of the red bulb on the
dashboard blinking, something's going
horribly wrong and we need you over
here right away.

OFFICER #2
Shit!

Officer #2 shifts into gear and slams the gas pedal. The
tires spin and squeal before the car rips down the street.

EXT. NARROW ALLEY - CONT'D

Paul pulls the Kelly van into a narrow alley. He parks and
hops out.

He runs down the alleyway where there is a vehicle covered by
a black tarp waiting for him.

Paul grabs the tarp and begins to pull it off.

Cut to a shot of the dark alleyway from a street view. We
hear the sound of an engine roar and the flash of headlights.

INT. BACK OFFICE - CONT'D

Frank and Barney walk toward the door.

BRENDAN

Enjoy it.

Frank and Barney stop and turn around.

FRANK

Sorry?

BRENDAN

I said enjoy it. Seriously. Enjoy it while you can. But I'll tell you right now that this isn't the end. Our boy Sean already killed the smartest, toughest one of you. When me and my men are knockin' at your front door with with enough artillery to level the great wall, you'll wish you killed me when you had the chance.

Frank and Barney look at each other.

BARNEY

Good point.

FRANK

Can't argue with that.

Frank points his gun at Brendan and fires. The shotgun blasts him in the chest. He's launched backward, almost comically, a jet of blood erupting from his chest.

Molly looks at her husband's lifeless body and screams.

BARNEY

Night, Misses O'Connell, er, Miss O'Connell.

Frank and Barney walk down the hallway.

Des and Patrick breathe heavily in the aftermath of the fight.

FRANK

What the fuck happened out here?

DESMOND

You had to be there to get it.

BARNEY

Paul's on the way, let's go, let's go!

Des helps Patrick up off the ground and the gang makes their way downstairs.

Noel stands at the bottom of the stairs, keeping watch of Guards #5 and #6.

NOEL
You're alive! I was about to jump
ship!

FRANK
I believe it, Noel.

NOEL
You got the prize?

Frank holds up the sack. Noel smiles.

FRANK
Say goodbye to your friends we gotta
go, go, go.

The gang runs out the front door of Maggie's.

Aisling watches them leave and smiles. One of the guards looks over at her and she drops the smile.

AISLING
Damn that sucks, huh?

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONT'D

The gang hang a left when they exit and sprint full speed down the sidewalk.

A guard runs out of the restaurant with a crossbow and chases after them.

Noel looks over his shoulder.

NOEL
Is that a crossbow?

The guard looses the crossbow bolt and it impale's Noel's left leg.

NOEL
Oh God! Oh Jesus Christ!

BARNEY
I believe it is!

Barney stops in his tracks and shoots the guard, knocking him flat on his ass.

They keep running. Noel lags behind, limping.

FRANK

The meeting point's a block ahead,
right?

DESMOND

He should be there already.

The gang hears the sound of police sirens in the distance.

CUT TO the cop car. Lights flashing, sirens blaring, and tearing down the city street at full speed.

Officer #2 clutches the wheel with both hands, ten and two position, and Officer #1 has his sidearm drawn.

OFFICER #1

Around this corner!

OFFICER #2

Yeah, I fucking know, Jerry! Christ,
it's like driving with my mother!

Officer #2 shifts, pulls the e-brake and turns the wheel.

The car drifts around the corner, tires screeching and smoking.

BACK TO THE GANG.

The gang notice the red and blue glow flashing in the distance.

Intercut between the gang running and the cop car building speed toward them. The cuts get faster and faster until:

INT. CELTIC FROST - CONT'D

Paul in the driver's seat of Celtic Frost, the gang's custom built muscle car.

Paul laughs with joy driving such a monstrously powerful vehicle.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONT'D

Celtic Frost drifts around the corner in spectacular fashion.

It's a matte black, four door 1969 Dodge Charger, modified to hell. It's got a steel frame, off-road tires, and an exposed twin turbo V8 engine.

The tires smoke, the engine roars, and the multiple exhaust pipes spit bursts of fire.

The gang stand on the curb, jaws on the floor, as Paul Ward pulls up to them.

PAUL
How much for a tugjob?

FRANK
C'mon! Get in! Get in!

Everybody climbs into the car.

Noel limps behind them.

PATRICK
Wait for Noel.

PAUL
For fucksake!

Paul beeps at Noel.

NOEL
I've got an arrow in my leg, shithead!

PAUL
You're gonna have a tattooed dick up
your ass in a prison shower if you
don't start limping faster!

Noel hobbles over to the back passenger side door. He reaches for the handle and Paul drives forward a couple feet.

Everyone in the car laughs.

The cop car peaks over the horizon.

FRANK
Let him in the fucking car!

Noel opens the door and sits on Des's lap on account of the full car.

NOEL
Don't get too excited.

Paul stomps on the gas pedal without warning. The car launches forward and everyone's heads get pushed back against their headrests.

The cop car passes them.

INT. COP CAR - CONT'D

OFFICER #2
Aww, what the fuck?!

Officer #2 hits the breaks and turns the wheel.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONT'D

The cop car does a u-turn sort of drift, and then launches forward again after the Kelly Gang.

INT. CELTIC FROST - CONT'D

Battery by Metallica plays.

Shots of the dashboard, red needles going off the charts.

Close ups on Paul's hand shifting gears, the exhaust pipes blowing fire, and the twin turbo engine sucking in air.

Paul glances in the rearview mirror and sees the cop car appear over the horizon and gain speed on them.

Paul speeds up as the cop car inches closer and closer.

Paul looks ahead to the end of the street. The road comes to a three-way intersection.

PAUL
Steve McQueen or Gene Hackman?!

DESMOND
Steve McQueen! These guys are faster
than they are agile!

Officer #1 points his pistol out the passenger window and shoots at the Kelly Gang. Everyone ducks.

Paul shifts and makes a sharp left turn. The cop car follows suit.

They speed down the street and they find themselves approaching the Hollywood Hills. The roads get more narrow and windy.

Paul is in a constant state of spinning the wheel and shifting gears as the tires screech around corners. Every turn they make, they're dangerously close to wiping out.

They begin to head down a long downhill stretch. The road is a series of slopes and plateaus at intersections.

DESMOND
Bullitt, Paul! Bullitt!

Paul rips down the hill. Every intersection acts as a ramp.
The car catches air over each intersection.

The street begins to level out.

DESMOND
Take the highway! French Connection!

PAUL
I was hoping you wouldn't say that.

PATRICK
French Connection?! You mean, like...

DESMOND
Yup.

Paul does a breakneck U-turn and goes up an exit-ramp.

OFFICER #1
Oh fuck no, man! These bastards are
cra-

Officer #2 cranks the wheel, and follows them up the ramp.
The Kelly's speed and weave through oncoming traffic.

DESMOND
Full speed! Full speed!

The car rockets forward at top speed. The engine roars.

Des looks ahead at an upcoming turn in the highway. He sees a
section of guard rail missing, due to roadwork. There are
temporary wooden barriers in place.

DESMOND
Paul!

PAUL
Talk to me, bossman!

DESMOND
Change of plans!

PAUL
Oh, aye?!

DESMOND
Charles Bronson!

PAUL
Charles Bronson?!

Des points at the wood barriers.

DESMOND
Charles Bronson!

INSIDE COP CAR:

OFFICER #1
These guys aren't slowing down!

OFFICER #2
Neither are we!

BACK TO GANG:

Paul does the sign of the cross.

DESMOND
Everyone hold on!

Everyone braces.

Celtic Frost rips through the wooden barrier like it's cardboard.

Everyone in the car yells at the top of their lungs as the car launches through the air.

Celtic Frost's off road tires make contact with the rocky hill side and it goes down the steep slope.

INSIDE COP CAR:

OFFICER #2
Oh, fuck me!

Officer #2 slams his foot on the brakes, but it's too late. The cop car goes off the highway and tumbles down the hillside before hitting a tree.

BACK TO THE GANG:

Celtic Frost flies down the hill. Paul does his best to maneuver the treacherous terrain, dodging trees and rocks.

They make it to the bottom off the hill, and onto another highway.

They drift across the highway, a cloud of dust in their wake and speed away.

INT. O'RIORDAN'S - NIGHT

Frank dumps a massive heap of cash onto a table top.

Everybody cheers and claps and whistles. Their wounds are crudely bandaged but they're all clutching pints already.

Barney and Patrick run up behind Des with a keg of Guinness and dump it over his head like a coach at the big game.

EXT. O'RIORDAN'S - NIGHT

Pat and Des stand side by side outside sipping their beers, breathing in the night air, and smiling.

Pat pulls a pack of Marlboro 27s out of his pocket and places one between his lips.

PATRICK

Want one?

DESMOND

I shouldn't.

PATRICK

Yeah. A bit dangerous, right?

Des chuckles and then takes one of the cigarettes from the pack. Pat lights his, and then lights Desmond's.

PATRICK

I love you, bud.

DESMOND

I love you too, Patty.

PATRICK

Just when I thought you were a lost cause, you come back into my life, hatch a mastermind plan and save my life along the way.

DESMOND

The amount of times I owe you for saving my ass.

PATRICK

So we're really giving the Quartermaster guy a third of the prize just for loading the guards' guns with faulty bullets?

DESMOND

We couldn't have pulled it off without his help.

A beat.

PATRICK

How do you feel?

DESMOND

Lucky my fingers still work.

PATRICK

Yeah, but... inside. You feel like the fuckin' man don't ya? Lead in your pencil, right?

DESMOND

Yeah, I'm feeling pretty badass.

PATRICK

That's what I mean, Desi! This is what I always wanted for us! You and me, side by side.

Pat puts his arm around Des.

DESMOND

The guys like me?

PATRICK

They'd suck the dick off your pelvis if nobody else had to know.

Des laughs.

They finish their cigarettes, clink glasses, and gulp down their drinks.

INT. DESMOND'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Des steps into his dark apartment and flicks the lights on. He has his electronic typewriter under his arm.

He walks over to his coffee table and sets the typewriter down on it, then plugs it into the wall.

He pours himself some coffee, sits at the table, takes a sip, and then places the mug down next to the typewriter.

He cracks his knuckles and begins to type.

Fade Out.

Fade In.

EXT. JACK WINSTON'S MANSION - DAY

Establishing shot. Jack Winston's beautiful mansion in the Hills. It's a sunny morning.

The words "ONE MONTH LATER" flash across the screen in big red lettering.

INT. JACK WINSTON'S MANSION - CONT'D

Jack Winston (the producer who shot down Desmond) stands in his bedroom, staring with a horrified look at...

An Oscar statue with its head chopped off, a pair of bolt cutters, and a note sitting next to it.

Jack picks up the note and reads it. *FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION.*

JACK

Oh, no, no, no.

INT. MARVIN FEINSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Feinstein sits at his desk flipping through a massive screenplay. a tear rolls down his cheek.

He lingers on the last page mouthing the words to himself, closes it, wipes a tear and then looks up across his desk.

Des and Tabitha sit on the opposite side of the desk, adorned with proud smiles.

TABITHA

Well?

FEINSTEIN

I... It's... It's...

DESMOND

I know, Marv. It's fucking exhilarating.

FEINSTEIN

The characters are so real, and the story feels so true, and the building of tension is... Well, it's fucking fantastic! I mean... wow!

Des smiles and nods, basking in praise.

FEINSTEIN

The way you put the narrative in reverse chronology is such an inspired choice.

DESMOND

Sorry?

Feinstein looks at he script and flips through the pages, confused.

FEINSTEIN

Ah shit! I've been reading Japanese screenplays lately and they do it right to left over there. Well, whatever.

TABITHA

It looks like you've got a hit on your hands, Marv. Now let's talk about Desmond's film. When does it get the green light?

Feinstein smiles.

FEINSTEIN

This agent of yours is something else, Conway. You shoulda seen her at the premiere. She was like a hawk on speed. She climbed into my limo, and at first, I thought she was a hooker. Next thing you know here we are... and you got your green light, baby!

Desmond and Tabitha stand up out and cheer. She grabs his head and kisses him hard.

Feinstein stands up and pops a bottle of champaign.

EXT. PRODUCTION OFFICE LOT - DAY

Des exits the office through the metal door that leads to the parking lot. *Dig, Lazarus, Dig!!!* by Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds plays. He struts with a rejuvenated confidence that we haven't seen since we first met him.

INT. JACK WINSTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

All the lights in the production office are out except for Jack's office.

There are empty pill bottles, booze bottles, and stacks of cash littered across his desk.

He stands on a chair and ties his belt around the office ceiling fan. He's a visible wreck.

Laura opens his office door and pokes her head in.

LAURA
Mr. Winston?

Jack jumps down from the chair and leans on his desk, feigning a relaxed vibe.

JACK
Laura! What the... what the fuck are you doing here? Go home! It's late!

LAURA
Umm, I was just closing out the finances for the week... are you alright?

She looks up at the belt tied around the ceiling fan.

JACK
Yes! I'm fantastic. Just uh...

Jack looks up at the belt.

JACK
Just testing the connectivity of the ceiling fan to the...

LAURA
The ceiling?

JACK
Right.

Jack gives the belt a couple tugs.

JACK
Yup! That thing's really on there!

Jack chuckles.

LAURA
Well, Marvin Feinstein just closed a deal with Desmond Conway and he wanted you to take a look at the script.

Laura walks over to Jack and hands him the script.

JACK
Who the fuck is Desmond Conway?

LAURA
He pitched a movie about a month ago.
About the Japanese family-

JACK
Oh! That hack! Feinstein cut a deal
with that loser?!

LAURA
Yeah it's a mafia movie and Feinstein
is really pumped up about it.

JACK
A mafia picture... Those usually make
a lot of money.

Jack takes the script from Laura.

JACK
This is heavy. What is it, a hundred
sixty seven?

Jack flips to the back page. 166 pages.

JACK
Shit. I've been off the mark lately.

LAURA
You don't have to read it, Marv just
thought you'd appreciate it. He
predicts big box office. Possibly an
awards contender.

Jack pricks up his ears.

JACK
Really?

LAURA
Oh yeah.

JACK
Well... I do need a new Oscar...

LAURA
Goodnight, Mr. Winston.

JACK
Okay.

Laura exits Jack's office.

He watches her leave and then shuts the door behind her.

He looks at the script.

JACK
(conflicted)
I really should be killing myself...

He drops the script on his desk and climbs back up on the chair. He places his head through the belt and secures it under his neck.

He looks back at Desmond's script, tempted.

INT. O'RIORDAN'S - LATER IN THE NIGHT

Des on guitar, Patrick on drums, Barney on Bass, and Paul singing, play a fast paced punk cover of *Sally MacLennane*.

The bar is doing good business, lots of people drinking and enjoying the music.

Tables have been cleared out in the area in front of the band to make a modest dance floor. Frank and Aisling dance, while Noel stands on the sidelines of the dance floor and bobs his head.

INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Des and Patrick drunkenly stumble through the doors of Patrick's apartment singing the song they were playing earlier.

DESMOND
Oh man, we sounded pretty good!

PATRICK
Fuckin' A, man, I always told you we gotta get the band back together.

DESMOND
Yeah, we should call Timmy T!

Patrick laughs like an idiot. Des collapses onto the couch.

PATRICK
If we called Timmy T right now, he'd fuckin', he'd be on a flight first thing in the morning.

They both laugh hysterically.

PATRICK
I actually saw Timmy, uhh, couple months ago in Queens.

DESMOND
Oh shit, what'd he say?

Patrick giggles.

PATRICK
(nasal voice)
Bet ya didn't think you'd run into the
T-Man tonight, did ya Patty?

Des bursts into laughter. Patrick smiles and walks to the
fridge.

PATRICK
You want a beer?

DESMOND
I probably shouldn't.

Patrick grabs two beers out of the fridge. He pops the caps
off on the edge of the countertop and brings them into the
living area.

Des takes his legs off the couch and sits up so Pat can sit
next to him. Pat sits and puts the beers on the coffee table.

Des turns on the TV. The Knicks are playing The Lakers.
Knicks are up by ten.

DESMOND
That's what I'm talking about.

They sip their beers.

PATRICK
You rootin' for the Lakers these days?

DESMOND
Fuck outta here.

PATRICK
Clippers then?

DESMOND
You think I've gone all soft and
Hollywood dontcha?

PATRICK
I'm just bustin' your balls.

A beat.

DESMOND
Knicks are lookin' pretty good this season.

PATRICK
I've been thinkin' about going back.

DESMOND
To New York?

PATRICK
Yeah. I mean... Frank insists this is where it's at but I just... I just don't like it.

A beat.

PATRICK
I love the guys. They're family to me. But I've been thinkin' a lot lately and I think I'm ready to branch out. And then running into you felt like a sign, ya know? And you hatch this kick ass plan and you were fuckin' shit up at that robbery... just like I always told you ya could. And now you're done with the whole movie thing so... I think you and me should go back to New York and start fresh. Start our own operation. The Conway crime family. That sounds pretty good right?

A beat.

Pat looks over at Des. Des is fast asleep.

Patrick gets up off the couch. He pulls Des's legs up onto the couch so he's laying down.

Patrick walks into his room and sings *I Got a Name* by Jim Croce quietly to himself.

PATRICK
Like the fool I am and I'll always
be... I got a dream... I got a dream.

He grabs an extra blanket off of his bed and walks back out to the living area.

PATRICK
They can change their minds but they
can't change me... I got a dream...

He tosses the blanket over Des.

PATRICK
...I got a dream.

Patrick turns around to walk back to his room. He trips over Desmond's bag.

He looks down at the bag.

A copy of Des's screenplay hangs halfway out of the unzipped pocket. Patrick looks down at it. He crouches down, picks it up, and begins flipping through the pages.

INT. MAGGIE THATCHER'S BACK OFFICE - DAY

Molly O'Connell sits at the desk in the back office of Maggie's. She is surrounded by mobsters and bodyguards. There's a patch of fresh, unpainted drywall due to gunfire damage.

MOLLY
Bad bullets?

We see The Quartermaster standing on the opposite side of the room.

QUATERMASTER
Yes, Miss.

All eyes turn to Molly.

MOLLY
I'm sorry I'm just a little bit confused... How is it that a man, who's sole responsibility is to make sure my men have the best guns and the best ammunition, supplies us with "bad bullets"?

Eyes back on the Quartermaster.

QUATERMASTER
Well, Miss O'Connell, I don't manufacture the bullets. I buy them. There's no way of knowing you got squib rounds unless... well unless you try and shoot 'em. So I'm sorry, but there's no way I could've known they were bad bullets.

Eyes back on Molly.

MOLLY
Alright. You can go.

The Quartermaster looks around at everyone suspiciously. He turns around slowly and exits the office.

MOLLY
Sean.

SEAN O'CONNELL steps forward from the group.

He's revealed to be the Production Assistant who beat the shit out of Desmond in the parking lot.

Molly does the 'cut-throat' sign.

INT. MAGGIE THATCHER'S DINING AREA - CONT'D

Jack Winston walks up the stairs to the second floor dining area with a briefcase in his hands. Just as he makes it to the top of the stairs, he sees The Quartermaster exit the hallway, into the dining area.

JACK
Ayy! What's up, Q?

The Quartermaster is gunned down in front of Jack.

Jack Winston watches in horror. Sean O'Connell walks down the hallway to The Quartermaster's body and sees Jack standing in the corner of the room.

SEAN
Hey! You made it!

INT. BACK OFFICE - DAY

Sean leads Jack into the back office to face Molly.

SEAN
Hey Mom, guess who I found!

JACK
Molly! So good to see ya! I'm sorry about Brendan, ya know, that really breaks my heart. He was a good shit.

MOLLY
You have the half a million?

JACK
You guys love to say half a million like it makes it worth more!

Jack chuckles nervously and looks around the room for laughs. He then goes straight faced and turns back to Molly.

JACK
Um, no. I don't.

Sean aims his gun at Jack.

JACK
But! But! I have something just as good! If not better! Arguably.

Jack walks up to Molly and places the briefcase down on her desk. He pops the latches and opens it up, revealing Desmond's screenplay.

Jack takes it out and hands it to her.

MOLLY
What the fuck is this?

JACK
I think you'll find it quite incriminating.

INT. O'RIORDAN'S - DAY

Frank and Barney play pool, Noel and Paul sit at the bar.

NOEL
How's Coleen been?

PAUL
Talks too much.

NOEL
The kids?

PAUL
Don't talk.

NOEL
Right.

PAUL
You still talkin' with Mary?

NOEL
God, no. It's been ages.

PAUL
Would you ever consider-

NOEL
Going back?

PAUL
Right.

NOEL
The thought crosses my mind. The type of shit that keeps a man awake at night.

PAUL
Bet you she feels the same. You're mature adults, no shame in giving things another shot.

NOEL
There's still feelings, but... It hinges on whether or not she forgives me... And that-

Noel get's choked up.

PAUL
Did you car bomb her brother? Yes. Do you regret it? I don't know. Can she look past it?... That's up to her.

NOEL
I hear ya.

PAUL
You're a car bomber, Noel. It's what you do, and you're good at it. If she can't accept it, it's her loss.

NOEL
I appreciate it, Paul. I feel like, just because we kill people for money, there's an assumption we can't be emotional.

PAUL
That's a load of shite.

NOEL
I can't talk to the other guys like I talk to you. They'd say it's a bunch of gay shit.

FRANK
You two ain't talkin' about gay shit, right?

NOEL
Not at all.

PAUL
Nope.

Frank begins to set up the balls for the next round.

Noel looks out a window.

NOEL
Hey Frank were we expecting company?

Frank looks up at Noel, concerned.

FRANK
No. Who's here?

The front and back door of O'Riordan's get kicked in at the same time.

Sean O'Connell and a bunch of goons enter from every direction.

They surround the gang at gunpoint.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Aisling drives a Ford pickup truck down the street.

She approaches O'Riordan's and begins to slow down, looking out her window.

She sees the gang getting loaded into a black van at gunpoint by Sean and his men.

AISLING
Shit!

She hits the brakes and does a u-turn.

INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Des wakes up on Patrick's couch.

Patrick sits in a chair across from him.

Des chuckles

DESMOND
You been watching me sleep all night?

PATRICK
No. But I did get some reading done.

Patrick tosses the screenplay at Des. Des quickly sits up and

pulls the blanket off.

DESMOND
Where'd you get this?

PATRICK
It was hanging halfway out your bag.

DESMOND
Look, I'll explain-

Patrick violently stands up out of his chair.

PATRICK
No, you'll shut your fucking mouth!

DESMOND
Pat, I-

PATRICK
No. All my life I've been trying to get you on my side, then when you hit a bump in the road in your little fairytale dreamworld and we're thick as thieves again?

Des is silent.

PATRICK
I trusted you, Des! I really believed that you wanted to be close to me just because you cared! Because you missed me like I missed you! Shit, I should've known better!

DESMOND
Pat, that's bullshit and you know it.

PATRICK
No. Don't feed me that shit. You've always been a self serving prick! I mean, Christ, When were you gonna ditch me and the guys, huh? How long were you gonna wait? Or maybe you were gonna stick it out to write a sequel! Fuck it, make a whole franchise out of blowing our cover and ratting us out!

DESMOND
I'm self serving?! For our entire adult lives you've been trying to get me to be something I'm not! I'm not a gangster, Patrick! Can't you love me

for who I am? What I do? Complete tunnel vision with you! Face the fucking truth!

A beat.

PATRICK
Who else has seen this script?

DESMOND
Nobody.

PATRICK
Don't lie to me, Desmond. I know when you're lying.

A beat.

DESMOND
Just a producer.

Patrick rubs his eyes.

PATRICK
If somebody who wanted to hurt us found this, we'd be fucked! I mean, you didn't change anything! It's got our names, the poker game, the fucking bar!

DESMOND
It's not the final draft. Those are just placeholders. I'm gonna change-

PATRICK
You're lucky we're family, because if Frank found out about this, you'd be chained to the bottom of the Santa Monica Pier right now. And if he found out I was covering it up, even worse.

Patrick's telephone rings. He walks over to it and picks it up, never taking his eyes off Desmond.

PATRICK
Hello?

A beat.

PATRICK
What do you mean?

A beat.

PATRICK
Ash, calm down. Explain it to me.

A long beat. Patrick rubs his forehead.

PATRICK
Shit! Alright. Okay, um, did anybody
follow you?

A beat.

PATRICK
Alright, meet me here. Be careful.

Patrick hangs up violently.

PATRICK
FUCK!

Patrick walks into his room quickly.

Des goes after him.

DESMOND
Pat!

Des enters Pat's room. Pat pulls the suitcase from under his bed and opens it up, revealing his stockpile of guns and ammo.

DESMOND
What's going on?!

PATRICK
(unloading suitcase)
O'Riordan's got busted. The O'Connells
found us.

Des grabs his forehead.

DESMOND
Well what are you doing?!

PATRICK
I don't know. I'll think of something.

DESMOND
What? You're just gonna go to Maggie
Thatcher's like a one man army and
save the day?

PATRICK
They're going to be looking for you,

Des, and they're going to kill you.
You need to get out of here. Now. Take
the soonest bus to New York.

A beat.

DESMOND
Why don't you come with me?

PATRICK
Because I'm loyal to my friends.

A beat.

DESMOND
Pat-

PATRICK
Get the fuck out of here!

Des reluctantly turns around and leaves.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Des walks quickly down the sidewalk with a baseball cap
pulled low to obscure his face.

He watches every car that drives by suspiciously. He's
sweating and breathing heavily.

INT. BUS TERMINAL - DAY

Des stands on line at a ticket station at the bus terminal.
His large Nokia cell phone begins ringing. He picks it up.

DESMOND
Hello.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - CONT'D

Laura sits at her desk, holding the telephone to her ear. She
looks nervous.

LAURA
Hi Desmond, it's Laura.

INTERCUT DESMOND/LAURA

DESMOND
I can't talk right now, Laura.

LAURA
I just wanted to call because
Feinstein has a bonus here for you.
Fifty Thousand.

DESMOND
Fifty thousand dollars?

LAURA
Fifty thousand dollars.

DESMOND
Like... five, followed by four zeros?

LAURA
Yes. fifty thousand.

DESMOND
Alright. I'll be there in a minute.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

The elevator of the production office opens. Des walks out
and approaches Laura.

DESMOND
Laura I need this check now, I'm in a
rush.

The sound of a gun being cocked.

Des turns his head and is face to face with Jack Winston and
one of O'Connell's goons pointing pistols at him.

JACK
You're not going anywhere, Conrad.

DESMOND
It's Conway.

JACK
You sure?

DESMOND
Positive.

Jack glances at Laura. She nods.

JACK
Whatever. Conrad, Conway, either way,
you're fucked.

LAURA
I'm sorry, Des.

JACK
Laura, dial Molly for me.

Laura dials, while Des stares at Jack with resentment.

MOLLY
(speakerphone)
Hello?

JACK
Molly! It's Jack Winston. I got the bastard. Am I off the hook or what?

MOLLY
Not yet. We're gonna finish this off at your Mansion in the desert. Then you can give me my quarter million.

JACK
Fine. Sean got the others?

MOLLY
They're in his van on the Mojave Freeway. Camped out about five miles outside of Apple Valley. When you get back to your place, page me and Sean and we'll meet you over there.

JACK
Roger.

Jack looks over at the goon.

JACK
(poi)
You stay with this one. I'll take the Hack.

INT. O'CONNELL VAN - DAY

Frank, Paul, Barney, and Noel sit in silence in the back of the van. They're tied up with zip ties.

Sean O'Connell sits in the drivers seat and a HENCHMAN sits in the passenger's seat.

Paul starts singing The Wild Rover.

PAUL
I've been a wild rover for many a

year...

The other guys begin to look up at him.

NOEL

And I've spent all my money on whiskey
and beer...

BARNEY

But now I'm returning with gold in
great store...

FRANK

And I promise to play the wild rover
no more...

ALL TOGETHER

And it's no, nay, never!.. No, nay,
never no more!.. Will I play the wild
rover... No, never, no more!

INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Patrick and Aisling sit in Patrick's living area.

AISLING

What's the plan?

PATRICK

I'm working on it... You got any
ideas?

AISLING

No. It would help if we knew where
they were.

PATRICK

Yup.

AISLING

Where's Desmond? He'd probably come up
with something.

Patrick gets choked up.

PATRICK

He probably would.

Patrick starts crying. He buries his face in his hands.

AISLING

Hey, hey, hey, Patty.

Aisling sits next to Patrick and puts her arms around him.

PATRICK
(through tears)
Everything's fucked, Ash. Everything's
so fucked.

AISLING
You're not wrong.

PATRICK
Desmond was the only family I had. And
he was out of my life for so long and
he was finally a part of it again and
I just drove him away.

AISLING
How'd you drive him away?

PATRICK
I just... we got in a fight. And now
he's gone and we need him.

A beat. Pat rubs his eyes.

PATRICK
How are you staying so calm?

AISLING
Because I know Frank and the guys
would want us to be strong.

Patrick nods.

INT. JACK WINSTON'S CADILLAC - DAY

Jack drives and points his pistol at Desmond who's in the
passenger's seat.

JACK
I never could trust a writer. Never.
They love to wear their little glasses
and their tweed suit jackets with the
elbow patches and shit and play the
intellectual. But you're some of the
dumbest motherfuckers on earth, I tell
ya.

Black Betty by Ram Jam plays on the radio.

Jack turns up the volume.

JACK

Whoooa Black Betty, bam-a-lam, whoooa
Black Betty, bam-a-lam.

Des listens to the song and thinks. He looks at an upcoming street sign.

DESMOND

We need to stop at my apartment.

JACK

What? What for?

DESMOND

I gotta take a shit. C'mon. It's just around this turn here.

JACK

Get the fuck outta here! You can wait.

DESMOND

Winston, I swear to God I have no problem shitting myself all over this leather interior.

JACK

You wouldn't!

DESMOND

I would! Don't test me, Winston! I'm crowning!

JACK

You're a bastard, Conrad.

DESMOND

Look, there it is. This building on the right. Right here.

JACK

Fine. Hold it 'till I park.

Jack pulls up to the curb.

INT. DESMOND'S APARTMENT - DAY

Des enters his apartment, Jack right behind him.

JACK

Alright, make it quick.

DESMOND

Will do.

Des enters his bathroom.

Black Betty plays, non diegetic.

Des takes the lid off the toilet tank and peers inside.

DESMOND

Right where I left ya.

Des reaches into the tank and pulls out the ziplock bag, Betty stored safely inside.

Des pulls Betty out, pops the cylinder to make sure she's loaded, then flicks his wrist to pop the cylinder back in.

BACK OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM.

Jack stands in the middle of Desmond's apartment, looking around at the furniture and decor.

JACK

Christ, poor people live like shit.

Des exits the bathroom.

DESMOND

Hey, Jack!

Jack turns around.

Des fires a warning shot next to Jack's head.

Jack drops his gun and throws his hands in the air. He trembles in fear.

JACK

Conway! Look, the O'Connell's would kill me if I didn't help them! You understand, right?

Des points the gun at Jack.

JACK

Hey! You like Ron Howard?! He's looking for a good script to sink his teeth into and I think you two would really hit it off! Whudaya say?!

DESMOND

Fuck Ron Howard.

Des chucks the gun at Jack. It comically bounces off his forehead and he collapses on the floor, unconscious.

A FEW MINUTES LATER Desmond packs up a suitcase with clothes and possessions.

I'm a Man You Don't Meet Every Day by The Pogues plays.

Jack is tied to a chair with tape around his mouth.

INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Patrick and Aisling strap kevlar vests on.

Aisling loads guns.

Patrick puts the tea kettle on the burner and places a teabag in a mug.

He glances over at the shoebox with the family photos inside, still sitting on his countertop. He looks through them.

INT. DESMOND'S APARTMENT - DAY

Des pulls Jack's wallet out of his pocket and takes all the cash he has.

Des drops Betty in his suitcase and zips it up. He picks it up and walks toward the door.

He stops at his refrigerator, opens it up, and grabs the last beer in his fridge.

He cracks it and chugs the whole thing in one shot.

When he closes the fridge door his eyes are met with the polaroid photo of the gang on the night he first met them at O'Riordan's.

He stares at the photo and can't help but smile. He turns his head and looks at the big Irish flag.

He glances back at Jack, who's just woken up from his unconscious state.

DESMOND

Wanna go for a ride, Jack?

INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Patrick looks at the photo of he and Desmond from years ago.

His landline rings.

MUSIC STOPS.

He gets up, walks to his phone, and picks it up.

PATRICK

Hello?

DESMOND

Patty, it's me.

PATRICK

Des, I'm sorr-

DESMOND

Listen to me, Pat. I have a plan.

INT. O'CONNELL VAN - DAY

Everyone in the van sits in silence.

HENCHMAN

Yo Sean, you mind if I turn on some tunes?

SEAN

Yeah, just none of that hip hop shit.

The Henchman searches for a station.

HENCHMAN

This Winston guy's taking his time, huh?

Sean's pager beeps.

SEAN

Speak of the devil.

HENCHMAN

Thank God.

Sean shifts into gear.

EXT. DESERT - CONT'D

The van sits in the desert, about fifty feet from the long straight road.

It drives toward the road.

INT. O'CONNELL VAN - CONT'D

The van climbs onto the road and cruises ahead smoothly.

The Henchman finally finds a station he likes. *Motorbreath* by

Metallica plays.

HENCHMAN
That's what I'm talkin' about.

They drive for a bit.

HENCHMAN
Yo Sean.

SEAN
Mmm?

HENCHMAN
You see that car up ahead?

Sean squints.

SEAN
Oh yeah. What about it?

HENCHMAN
Just strange is all.

SEAN
Why's it strange? We're on a fuckin' road. Cars drive on roads.

HENCHMAN
I'm just saying we ain't seen one the whole time we've been staked out in the desert.

SEAN
A real anomaly.

HENCHMAN
Look. We're carrying precious cargo and I'm just pointing out when I see something supic-

A bullet penetrates the windshield.

SEAN
Oh fuck!

HENCHMAN
Oh shit!

EXT. DESERT ROAD - CONT'D

Celtic Frost tears down the sandy road at top speed.

The top is down. Desmond drives, Patrick rides shotgun, and Jack Winston is tied up in the back seat.

Patrick shoots at the van with a pistol.

INT. O'CONNELL VAN - CONT'D

Sean and The Henchman duck low as a couple more bullets hit the windshield.

SEAN

Who the fuck are these guys?!

HENCHMAN

Turn around!

SEAN

No way! We're going past 'em!

Paul, Noel, Barney, and Frank look at each other and smile.

BARNEY

That's gotta be The Fighting Conways!

The van passes Celtic Frost, which quickly drifts and turns around.

BACK TO Des and Pat.

PATRICK

I'm gonna try and blow out the tires!

BACK INSIDE the van.

FRANK

Conway! Conway! Conway!

The other guys join in.

ALL TOGETHER

Conway! Conway! Conway!

Celtic Frost builds speed and gets closer to the van.

Patrick reaches into the back seat of the car and grabs a shotgun.

The Henchman unholsters his pistol. He looks at the rearview mirror and sees Patrick is loading the shotgun.

The henchman puts his upper body out the window, points his pistol toward The Conways, and fires.

Pat ducks down, Des swerves.

Pat finishes loading the shotgun. He pops up and gets the

Henchman in his sights.

The Henchman and Patrick fire at the same time. Patrick's shotgun fire hits the Henchman, causing him to fall out of the van and go under the tires. Patrick takes a bullet to the shoulder.

The Henchman falls out of the van window and tumbles on the road. Pat grips his shoulder in pain.

DESMOND

Pat! You hit?!

PATRICK

Stay on him!

Desmond Conway isn't playing around any longer. He's angry.

Pedal to the metal. The engine roars. He gets closer and closer. He takes the shotgun from Patrick's hand.

Celtic Frost is now within ten feet of Sean's van.

Des has his left hand on the steering wheel and raises the shotgun with his right hand. He points the barrel at the van's front left tire.

DESMOND

Hold tight, lads.

BLAM!!!

The tire pops, the van swerves, skids, and then flips.

The van tumbles a few times. Des slams on the breaks.

Inside the van, the gang gets tossed around. Sean hits his head off the steering wheel.

Celtic Frost screeches to a halt and the van stops tumbling.

The car and the van have both come to a stop, sitting on the side of the desert highway.

Des and Patrick get out of the car, leaving Jack Winston squirming around in the back seat.

INSIDE SEAN'S VAN the Gang lay scattered on the floor from the crash.

BACK OUTSIDE Des and Patrick approach the van.

MEXICAN STANDOFF MUSIC PLAYS.

Sean opens the door and gets out. His forehead is bleeding.

Des walks closer to him with the gun pointed. He stops. They stand in silence and breathe heavily. Des gets close enough to see Sean's face.

DESMOND

Holy shit! That you, Iron Mike?

PATRICK

You know this guy?!

DESMOND

Jesus Christ! I write movies for a living and I don't think I could come up with a twist this batshit!

SEAN

You're lucky you got a gun, Conway, cuz I'd love to mop the floor with your ass again.

Des tosses the gun aside.

DESMOND

You still interested in giving lessons?

Sean can't help but smile.

SEAN

I'm always up for a rematch.

They square up and approach each other slowly. They dance around a bit.

As the standoff music swells:

-Patrick watching from the sidelines

-Jack Winston watching from the car

-The gang watching from the van window

-Close up on Desmond's eyes

-Close up on Sean's eyes

MUSIC STOPS when Sean throws the first punch.

They have an epic fight, but Sean is visibly winded and Des maintains his composure. He sends a shot to the liver, knocking Sean down to his knees.

He throws one last hook akin to the one he was on the receiving end of back in the beginning. Sean hits the pavement hard, unconscious.

INT. SEAN'S VAN - CONT'D

The gang sits in the back of the van.

The back doors of the van swing open. Desmond and Patrick stand there triumphantly.

In the background we see Sean tied up in the back of the car next to Jack.

The Gang cheers.

NOEL

You Conways must have piss and vinegar for blood.

BARNEY

I knew it! Didn't I say it, Frank? I said those Patty and Desi are gonna bust us out any minute.

PAUL

I didn't hear shit, Barney.

BARNEY

Well, I was thinkin' it!

FRANK

You crazy bastards coulda killed us all.

PATRICK

Aren't ya glad we beat the odds?

FRANK

Wouldn't've wanted it any other way.

PAUL

As much as I love being tied and bound, I think I'm ready to stretch the legs.

Des opens up a pocket knife.

DESMOND

Don't you worry, Paul, there's still work to be done.

PATRICK
I'll load Frick and Frack into the trunk.

Pat turns around and approaches the car.

FRANK
Where's Aisling?

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

Molly O'Connell sits in the passenger seat, a Henchman drives, and Aisling sits in the middle back between two more Henchmen.

MOLLY
Aisling, I can not thank you enough for all you've done for us.

AISLING
Don't be ridiculous, Molly! Somebody has to make drinks after the slaughter!

MOLLY
You've been by our side through the toughest times. And you've really stepped it up since Brendan passed. I know nobody likes to clean guns and you go ahead without me even asking.

AISLING
Well somebody has to do it. I'm glad to be of help.

MOLLY
Good girl.

DRIVER
Nice place this Winston guy's got.

EXT. JACK WINSTON'S DESERT MANSION - DAY

The SUV pulls into the driveway of Jack's Desert home. It resembles the house on the rocks from Zabriskie Point.

Celtic Frost is in the driveway.

Molly, Aisling, and the three Henchmen get out of the car.

HENCHMAN
Whose car is that?

MOLLY
Winston must've got here before us.

HENCHMAN
Didn't take him for a muscle car kinda
guy.

They approach the house and look around.

MOLLY
Winston!

Silence.

AISLING
Maybe they're around back.

They walk around to the back of the house. There's a large
pool area with a patio that overlooks the valley.

Sean and Jack are tied up.

MOLLY
Sean!

Des, Pat, Frank, Barney, and Noel, jump out from different
corners of the patio with guns.

They surround Molly, Aisling, and The Henchmen. Trapped.

The Henchmen aim their guns and shoot. Clicks. The guns don't
work.

HENCHMAN
This shit again?!

Aisling steps away from Molly and goes to The Gang.

AISLING
Ah, shit! When I cleaned the guns
earlier I must've forgot to put the
firing pins back in!

MOLLY
You little cunt!

Frank puts his arm around Aisling and kisses her.

FRANK
God, I love you.

NOEL
What do we do with these ones then?

FRANK

I think we know the answer.

Frank points his gun at Molly. Sean squirms and tries to yell through the tape over his mouth.

PATRICK

Wait!

Everyone looks at Patrick.

PATRICK

I know they killed Peter... and I know they were going to slaughter us like pigs... They're killers. But we don't have to be. The difference between the O'Connell Family and the Kelly Gang is more than North vs. South. More than Protestant vs. Catholic. We're different because we don't kick people while they're down.

The gang looks around at each other, nodding in agreement.

PATRICK

Ireland's been divided for too long. Maybe The O'Connells and Kellys can choose to stand together... For a united Irish mob.

Frank puts down his gun.

FRANK

You're right, Patty.

Molly laughs with relief.

MOLLY

Thank you! Thank you so much!

FRANK

Paul. Untie Sean.

Paul nods. He approaches Sean and cuts the zip tie that binds his hands behind his back.

Sean stares at the pistol tucked in Paul's waistband.

The moment Sean's zip tie cuffs are cut, he grabs the pistol out of Paul's jeans and points it at the gang. He tears the tape off his mouth.

SEAN
Drop 'em!

PAUL
Fucker!

The gang drop their guns.

SEAN
Mom! They left the keys in the
Charger. Let's go!

Sean, Molly, and the Henchmen run to Celtic Frost, Sean
keeping the gun pointed at The Gang.

INT. CELTIC FROST - CONT'D

Sean, Molly, and the Henchmen get in the car.

Sean points his gun out the window at The Gang. He places his
hand on the key.

MOLLY
Your father would be so proud, Sean.

Sean turns the key.

EXT. JACK WINSTON'S DESERT MANSION - CONT'D

BOOOOOM.

Celtic frost explodes in a ball of fire.

The Gang laughs, applauds, and cheers in the glow of the
flames.

FRANK
Just like you predicted, Desi!

DESMOND
Patty's acting really sold it, I gotta
say!

PAUL
Amen! Y'almost brought a tear to my
eye!

PATRICK
When we were teenagers Des used to
write little scenes and have me act
'em out.

DESMOND
Aisling was great too!

Everyone agrees.

BARNEY
Let's not forget about the best car
bomber in the business, Mr. Noel
McBrien!

NOEL
Not my best.

PAUL
Noel, it was wonderful.

NOEL
Thanks, Paul.

FRANK
I'm seriously wondering how they found
us out. I mean, Des's heist plan was
airtight.

PATRICK
I guess we'll never know.

Des looks at Pat. Pat winks at him.

PATRICK
Welp! We should be heading out, then.

They begin walking to the driveway.

BARNEY
What about this Winston guy?

FRANK
Coyotes gotta eat too.

Jack squirms around and tries to yell through the tape on his
mouth.

The gang walks to O'Connell's black SUV.

NOEL
What now, Frank?

FRANK
Well. I suppose I could grab a drink.

PAUL
Hear, hear.

BARNEY

I'm pretty thirsty myself.

They get into the SUV, and drive off into the sunset.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. PRODUCTION OFFICE LOT - DAY

Desmond's new white Ferrari Daytona cruises down the street parallel to the production office lot. He passes the entrance, hits the brakes, backs up, then pulls into the lot.

THREE MONTHS LATER flashes across the screen in red lettering.

INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

Des enters the production office and approaches Laura at the front desk. The office is decorated with Christmas decor.

DESMOND

(southern gentleman accent)

Miz Laura! How are we doing' on this fine Wednesday morning?

LAURA

My car's still fucked, I found out I'm pregnant, and I have PTSD, but otherwise I'm sound as a pound.

DESMOND

At least life's not dull.

LAURA

What're you doing here?

DESMOND

Tabitha told me Marv had some news for me. Aren't you supposed to be on top of that shit?

LAURA

I won a lawsuit against the company after Jack held me at gunpoint. I'm outta here after Christmas. Pretty much checked out.

DESMOND

Good for you, Laura!

LAURA

Yeah. Now I gotta figure out whose

baby this is.

They laugh.

INT. FEINSTEIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Des enters Feinstein's office.

DESMOND

Is that my favorite producer?!

Feinstein stands up.

FEINSTEIN

My heart would break if I wasn't!

They laugh and do a complicated special handshake.

FEINSTEIN

Sit, Desmond, sit.

Des sits. Feinstein opens a cigar humidor on his desk. He takes two out and hands one to Des.

They light them and puff.

FEINSTEIN

I've got good news, great news, and bad news.

DESMOND

Lemme hear 'em shittiest to least shitty.

FEINSTEIN

The bad news is our gangster movie is being canned.

Des looks shocked.

DESMOND

Get the hell outta here!

FEINSTEIN

I know. It kills me. But since Jack Winston was killed in an act of gang violence, we decided it was best to steer away from that topic.

DESMOND

Damn. I really loved how it came out...

FEINSTEIN

Good news is, we can get to work on your Japanese script right away.

Des is still devastated about the gangster script.

DESMOND

That's good.

FEINSTEIN

It's fantastic! I mean, this is what you've always wanted!

DESMOND

Yeah, no, for sure.

FEINSTEIN

Well it's happening. Congrats Des.

DESMOND

So we can't salvage the gangster movie somehow? Maybe hold onto it for later down the road?

FEINSTEIN

That's where the great news comes in. I held onto your script and passed it around. It's still a great sample of your abilities.

DESMOND

Appreciate it.

FEINSTEIN

I got a call the other day from a TV producer.

DESMOND

TV?

FEINSTEIN

Yes sir. He's working on a gangster TV series for HBO, and he'd love to have you as the head writer.

DESMOND

I'm not sure if I'm much of a TV writer, Marv.

FEINSTEIN

Ya see, that's what I thought. But this is *prestige* TV. Very cinematic. Right up you alley.

DESMOND
Cinematic huh?

FEINSTEIN
Steady work, too. This does well,
you'll be rolling in it.

Des thinks.

DESMOND
Where's it based?

INT. NYC SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Patrick sits in the subway car.

The train stops and he gets out. He's at the 50th street station.

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN - DUSK

Patrick walks on the sidewalk. He crosses the street and heads toward a bar called Kelly's Pub.

INT. KELLY'S PUB - EVENING

Patrick sits at the bar in Kelly's Pub. He watches The French Connection on the bar TV.

He stands up and leans over the bar to the bartender ALAN, the bartender who has his back turned to Pat.

PATRICK
Tully and ginger ale, Alan.

ALAN
Got it.

Pat walks to the bathroom in the back of the bar.

INT. BATHROOM CONT'D

Pat enters the bathroom. He goes to the sink and looks himself over while washing his hands.

Fairytale of New York by The Pogues plays on the speaker system.

Pat sings along.

PATRICK
(singing along)
You're a bum, you're a punk, you're an

old slut on junk-

DESMOND
(singing along from stall)
Lying there almost dead on a drip in
that bed!

Patrick smiles and approaches the closed stall.

PATRICK
You scumbag, you maggot!

DESMOND
You cheap lousy faggot!

PATRICK
Happy Christmas your arse-

DESMOND
I pray God it's our last!

DESMOND
The boys in the NYPD choir
were singing Galway Bay!

PATRICK
The boys in the NYPD choir
were singing Galway Bay!

The stall door swings opens and Des jumps out.

DESMOND
AND THE BELLS WERE RINGING
OUT FOR CHRISTMAS DAY!!!

PATRICK
AND THE BELLS WERE RINGING
OUT FOR CHRISTMAS DAY!!!

The two hug each other hard, yelling for joy.

PATRICK
No way that was an accident!

DESMOND
Yeah, I planned that one. The song was
pure luck, though.

INT. KELLY'S PUB - NIGHT

Des and Pat sit at a table grinning ear to ear.

PATRICK
Do I even wanna know how long you've
been in New York?

DESMOND
Flew in this morning.

Patrick looks at Des doubtfully.

DESMOND

Alright I got here yesterday. Swear to God.

PATRICK

What brings you back?

DESMOND

Can't I visit my dear cousin just because I miss him?

PATRICK

You're a terrible liar, Des.

DESMOND

Alright, I got a job opportunity.

PATRICK

Fucker.

DESMOND

But I'm happy to be around you again!

PATRICK

How long are ya gonna be in town?

DESMOND

Well it's actually for a TV series, so... I could be here to stay.

PATRICK

No shit!

DESMOND

No shit, Patty.

PATRICK

TV, huh? Bit of a downgrade, no?

DESMOND

Not as long as I'm behind the typewriter.

Patrick laughs and sips his beer.

PATRICK

As fucked up as it was that you wrote that gangster movie, the script was pretty damn fine.

DESMOND

I agree. It's not getting made, but it did help me land this job.

PATRICK

What's it about? The show?

DESMOND

It's a mob epic. Sex, guns, drugs, the whole nine. I gotta come up with a different crime every week.

Pat smiles.

PATRICK

Sounds like you're gonna need some inspiration.

DESMOND

I was counting on it.

The front door of the bar swings open. Frank, Aisling, Barney, Paul, and Noel walk in.

Frank looks over at the table where Pat and Des are sitting. Des and Pat raise their glasses.

The rest of the gang notices Des. They all cheer and make their way over. Everyone laughs and greets him.

INT. O'RIORDAN'S - LATER IN THE NIGHT

Fairytale of New York plays non-diagetic.

The whole gang sits in a booth chatting and laughing.

Des and Pat grab their pints, look at each other with big smiles, then clink glasses.

THE END.

